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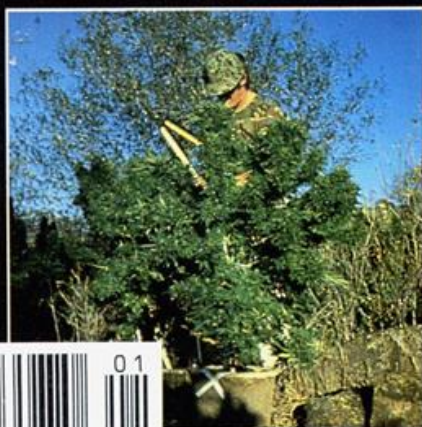
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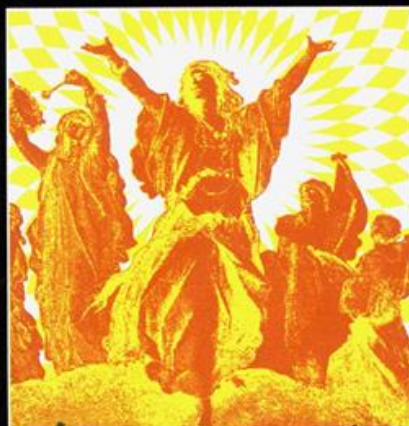
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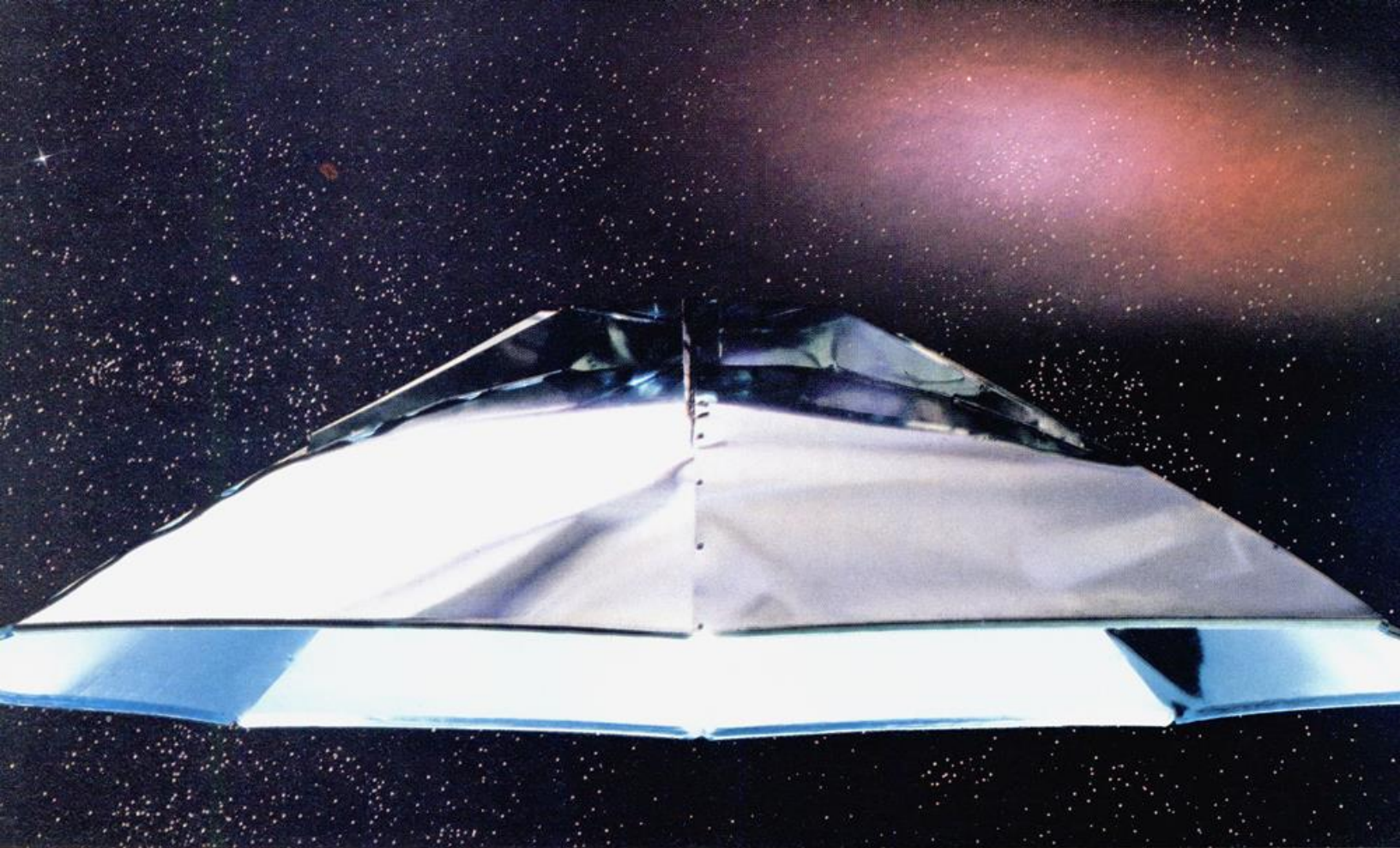
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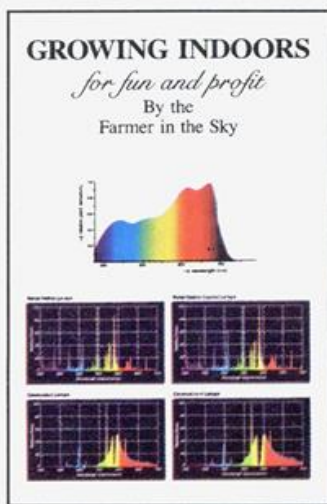
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Advertising

East Coast
MAGDALENA WELTMAN, Manager

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National Advertising Office
17 West 60th Street
New York, NY 10023 (212) 974-1990

West Coast
STEVE BECKER, Manager

West Coast Advertising Office
P.O. Box 33-Suite 373
Long Beach, CA 90801 (213) 493-3714

Founding Editor
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Here's how Scott Gardner introduces his new book: "I have become consumed by the fact that there are things wrong with this world that vitamins or psychotherapy can't cure. Things like loneliness and poverty and the threat of nuclear war. Things like bigotry and taxes and cold feet at night. It tormented me no end that they can put an entire computer on the head of a pin but they can't cure baldness."

As you may have guessed, his book, "Stop Me Before I Write More," has turned out to be completely off the wall. It is so far out in fact, that it is rapidly becoming a bestseller even though no bookstores dare carry it. The reason is that Gardner claims to have solved all the major problems of mankind. In addition to the ones mentioned above, he tackles problems like political corruption, taking out the garbage, high inflation, breast-feeding, the energy crisis, and a new use for roaches, among many others.

You can imagine how this has upset the establishment. One of the biggest publishers in the country threatened to sue Gardner for two million dollars. New York City slapped a consumer protection violation on his book — sight unseen. And a New York financial weekly tried to besmirch his reputation with a defamatory article. But nothing can stop Gardner as he vows never to let any grass grow under his feet.

What makes Gardner so high? If you had so many important enemies, you would be too. Order your copy of "Stop Me" today and share one man's hilarious vision of a problem-free society.



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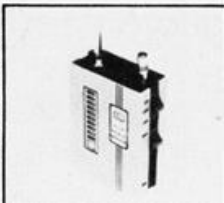
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EDITOR'S NOTE

● DURING THE RECENT VISIT TO NEW YORK BY NICARAGUAN PRESIDENT Daniel Ortega on the 40th anniversary of the United Nations, we were privileged to meet the President and his equally accomplished wife, Rosario Ortega, who is the secretary general of the Sandinista Party, editor of the cultural pages of the party newspaper *La Barricada*, a poet, and mother of eight children. Mrs. Ortega had just attended Nancy Reagan's largely cosmetic, public-relations showpiece, the "First Ladies Conference on Drug Abuse," (in reality, just a photo opportunity, not a working group of any serious purpose). She participated, in part, to counter claims by the Reagan administration that the Sandinista government is involved in drug trafficking on a major scale. Mrs. Ortega said that Nicaragua's drug problems were rampant under the previous Somoza regime, not the current Sandinista government. "We used to have a drug problem *before* the revolution," said Mrs. Ortega. We told her about our recent article, "The Real Nicaraguan Connection" [HIGH TIMES, Dec. '85], which revealed facts from the Drug Enforcement Agency's own files that supported the Sandinistas' counter-charge that the corrupt Somoza regime was neck-deep in gangster payoffs. ● When we spoke with President Ortega himself, we informed him that HIGH TIMES had been the first major American magazine to unmask the Reagan government's charges as politically motivated smears. When we said that we printed such an article every time President Reagan made the charge, President Ortega smiled and said, "You must run these articles often." ● In fact, even before the latest round of charges, that the Sandinistas were in cahoots with Costa Rica to allow drug-smuggling airlifts to operate from airfields near their mutual border ("Why would someone go there where there's a shooting war going on unless there was some kind of accommodation to get in safely and get out safely?", claimed Carlton Turner, director of the White House Drug Abuse Policy Office, ignoring the obvious fact that a small, embattled country can hardly be expected to stop illegal trafficking on a huge scale when the United States, with its vastly superior resources, has been unable to do so), HIGH TIMES had already commissioned a new study to reveal the misinformation that is the foundation of the Reagan administration's latest attack on Nicaragua's revolutionary regime. Of course, it's this country's own wrong-headed policies that have helped create not only a drug problem, but a crime-and-corruption problem as well. We hope that the facts as presented in "The Real Nicaraguan Connection" and in our upcoming report will once again reveal the truth about the situation in Nicaragua. ● Also, we were privileged to re-contact the most noted of the revolutionary '60s cartoonists, R. Crumb, to invite him, once again, to contribute to our pages (see "Quest for Firewood," page 40). That the author, Jay Feldman, is a good friend of Crumb's helped motivate the very busy artist, but so did HIGH TIMES' long history of publishing his fantastic graphics. Welcome back to our pages, R. Crumb!

From on high,

John Howell

Editor-in-chief

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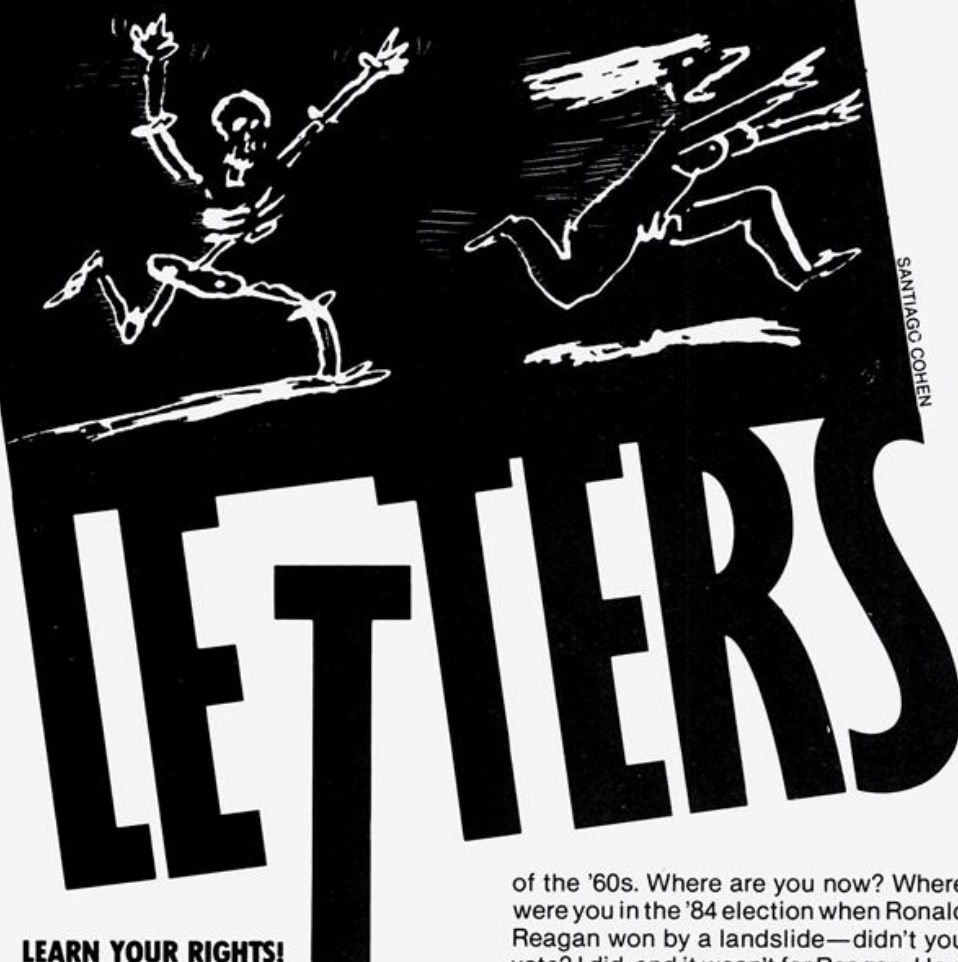
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LEARN YOUR RIGHTS!

Dear Editor,

I am a very well-known *dud* [sic] in Michigan City, Ind. I read your interview with "California's Counterculture Counselor" [HIGH TIMES, Sept. '85], and I agree almost entirely with everything y'all talked about. HIGH TIMES asked on page 75, "Where's the counter-reaction? Where's the noise?" and Serra said, "I don't know. That's the great sadness"—Well, there are still quite a few people that want to smoke grass, and they do want to fight for their *rights*. "Yes, we will stand and fight," said my friend Ron, but we need to find information. We all need help in learning our rights and how we can gain control of our lives once more.

Everyone, like Serra said, is doing coke. I don't do coke for several reasons, but the main one is that I'd rather stick with grass; that's my favorite type of high.

We in Michigan City want you to represent us.

—Spangle

Michigan City, Ind.

Stick with us, Spangle. The defense of our legal right to get high, however we choose, is a core issue that we'll be dealing with for months to come.—Ed.

POST-'60s PLEA

I am one of those "generation of swine" as Hunter Thompson [HIGH TIMES, Sept. '85] calls us. Well, I have a few words to say about you revolutionary hippies

of the '60s. Where are you now? Where were you in the '84 election when Ronald Reagan won by a landslide—didn't you vote? I did, and it wasn't for Reagan. How do you expect my generation to fight against the establishment when we grew up watching you quit fighting and becoming *yuppies*? I am tired of my generation being degraded for not fighting against the establishment when no one else is fighting against it. Stop feeling guilty and using us as scapegoats for something you know you should be doing something about, too. Give us a break. Most of us are doing the best we can to survive and deal with this high-tech, increasingly repressive, increasingly unstable, and economically-depressed society. What are you doing?

—One of the "Swine"

Clarkston, Mich.

Shouldn't all of us, regardless of age, class, race, sex or creed be doing something? And hey, some of us here at HIGH TIMES are under 30. And some of us "revolutionary hippies of the '60s" are still revolutionary.—Ed.

HIGH ON LIFE

Damn it! I sit watching a program on the problem of relief agencies in Africa not being able to get their aid to the places that need it. The problem is a "logistical one," supposedly only solvable by an almost military-like operation. Countless people have died while this logistical problem holds up food delivery. If we

continued on page 89

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FLASHES



Rock Censorship

● ONE OF THE UGLIEST ISSUES CONFRONTING US ALL IS the censorship of rock 'n' roll. A bunch of politicians' wives formed the Parents' Music Resource Center (PMRC) in an attempt to do just that. John Leland, our High 5ives honcho and a frequent contributor to this mag, writes a slashing denunciation of the PMRC in this month's Sound Off column (see page 94). Leland urges you to follow Frank Zappa's advice and voice your opposition to rock censorship by writing to your Senator and Congressman. The form on this page is based on Zappa's idea. HIGH TIMES sez: SEND IT! ●

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FRANKIE SEZ:
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- SAY NO TO THE NMRC
- SAY NO TO THE NAB

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Pop Peaceniks

● WHAT'S SO FUNNY 'bout peace, love and understanding? Nothin'! That's why it was especially gratifying to see HIGH TIMES' May '85 cover girls Madonna and Rosanna Arquette lending their potent media presence to help publicize the Great Peace March, a coast-to-coast walk to promote peace that begins on March 1st. Fivethousand people are expected to take part in the peace march, which begins in L.A. and ends in Washington, D.C. Over 1,500 people, including actors Martin Sheen, Emilio Estevez (Sheen's son), Malcolm McDowell, Mary Steenburgen and Ally Sheedy, helped promote the march at an L.A. rally the *New York Post* described as "a scene right out of Woodstock." ●



Button Up!

● Buttons are back. Updated versions of the '60s' most popular fashion accessories are being pinned to the clothing of neo-hipsters all over America. The slogans may have changed to reflect the attitude of the '80s—HIGH ON LIFE has been replaced by HIGH ON STRESS—but the underlying idea is the same: using your body as a billboard for ideas both serious and frivolous. The buttons on these pages are available for \$1.10 each (5-button minimum order) from Ephemera, Inc., 275 Capp St., San Francisco, CA 94110. ●

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on
Stress



"I'd like to thank all the drug smugglers and drug users for making this such an in-vogue topic. And as they say in Aspen, Colorado, 'May it snow in your face.'"

— Glenn Frey, accepting his MTV Award for Best Concept Video, for "Smuggler's Blues."

BY RJ SMITH

MOTOWN KEEPS ON TRUCKIN'

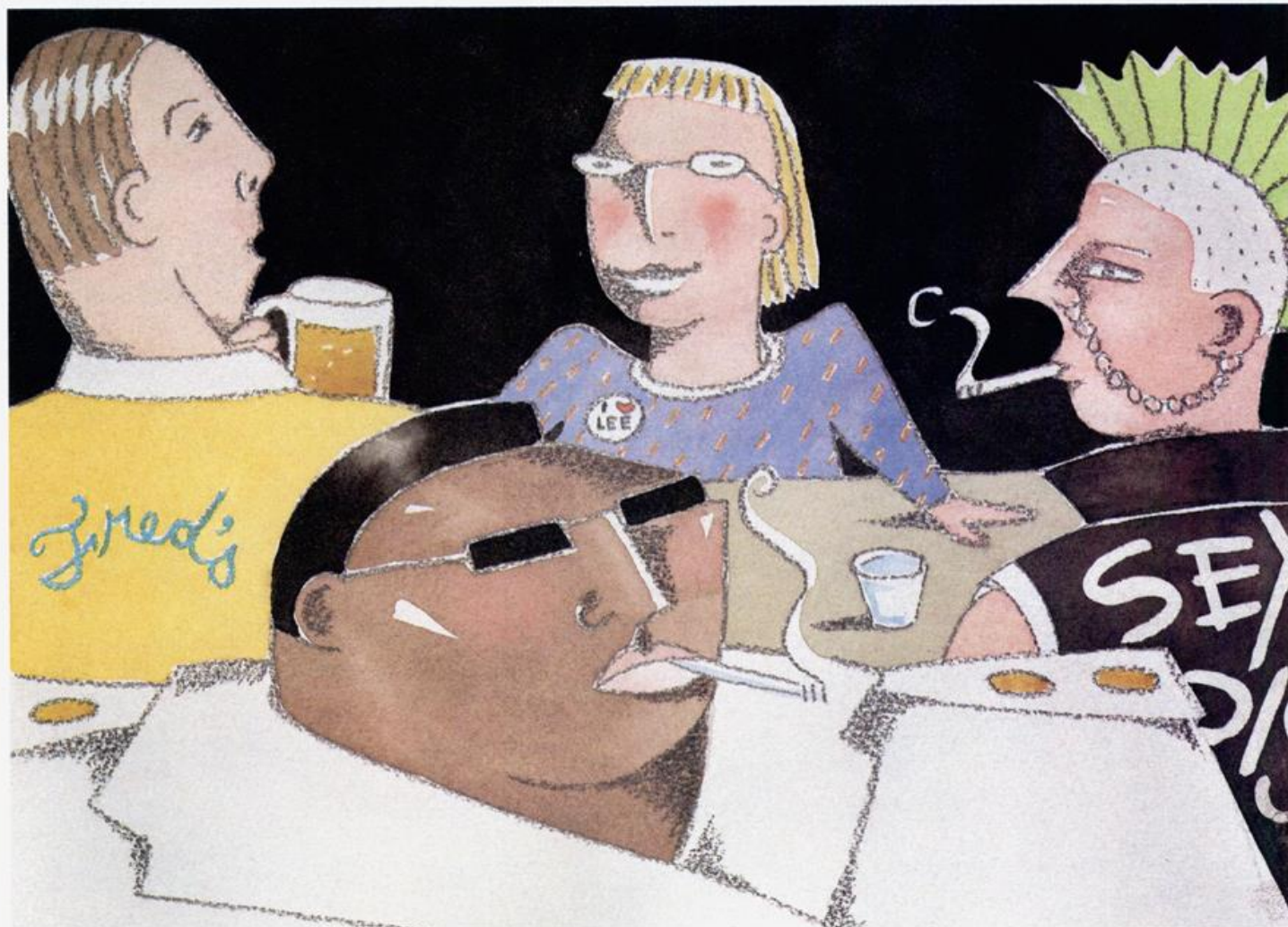
● Detroit's thriving blue-collar culture helps offset the city's crime rate and gun fetish.

● IF YOU PASSED OUT EQUALLY ALL the handguns in Detroit to all kids in the city's public school system, each child would get at least seven, maybe eight. There are some 245 bowling alleys in the Motor City, according to the latest figures. And the dog most frequently killed on city streets is the German Shepherd. Pay attention, because each of these facts is crucial to understanding Detroit, one of the roughest and richest cities in the country.

The crime. There is nothing to compare in chills to being on some dark street—maybe downtown, maybe in the Cass Corridor—in the a.m., when there is not—so you think—anyfuckingbody in sight. There is a whiff of something evil in the air, and though the high crime rate has spawned a lot of hoary boilerplate about Detroit being Kill City, etc., the fact is you don't have to look far in Detroit if you want to be scared. Maybe just over your shoulder.

So it is that, like perhaps no other place in the country, in Detroit folks take their "right" to bear arms seriously. There are 300,000 more handguns than people here; that's more than 150 miles of cold steel. This will be the last town in the country to pass gun-control laws; even liberals, even Marxists in Detroit talk about "the people's right to protect themselves." A quaint hometown custom: Every New Year's Eve at midnight, locals celebrate by firing their pieces into the air. The papers the next day feature stories about the first-born and first-dead of the new year, the latter often somebody who wandered onto the site of somebody else's celebration.

But there are happier assumptions about Detroit, misconceptions that deserve to be shattered. Here is a workers' town, and the culture—the bowling alleys and the rib spots and the blue-light bars and all—is not snooty. The auto continued on page 16



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HIGH ADVISOR

**COSMIC QUESTIONS,
DOWN-TO-EARTH
ANSWERS**

BY COOKIE MUELLER



● **Times are changin';
apocalypse is comin';
and folks are gettin'
high in weird ways.**

● **THE TIMES, THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'.** They're changing so fast that probably nobody remembers those lyrics from that famous '60s song. Who cares? Rest assured that the times have been changing for at least 5000 years or more, since the beginning of culture, anyway. Before that, who knows, maybe time stood still.

Modern decipherers of that most ancient written language, Sanskrit, were astounded when they translated this sentence written by a worried Mesopotamian parent: "What in the world is wrong with the youth of today?" This parent feared the times were changing too fast, like most parents. Witness: teenagers will always be the same. It's biological. It's rebellion. It's natural. I just wonder what they have to rebel against now. Hasn't it all been done? My son certainly has nothing to rebel against; his mom has done just about everything there is to do. But youth will find a way. I suppose youth itself is rebellion. It's all about fledglings getting their wings.

The fact that things are changing fast was brought to my attention this very night when I was told by a friend that hair loss can be controlled by a chemical

additive. This friend was a former natural-health-food fanatic... thus my shock and surprise. He told me that hair loss can be controlled by Poly-Sorbate 80.

"Isn't this a harmful chemical additive?" I asked naively.

"No," he answered. "One can buy it at health food stores. It has DNA and RNA in it now, and you don't ingest it for renewed hair growth, you just rub it into the scalp... topically."

"Doesn't it have side effects?" I asked, while I searched his physical being for flaws and defects, some trace of future maladies caused by such an unnatural substance assimilated through the skin. But, no, there he stood, with a massive, leonine, luxuriant head of hair blowing in the wind. He looked fine.

"No," he flatly answered. "None. Look at my hair. It's never been better."

I surmised that he was rebelling against his years of indoctrination in the natural-food realm. It's all about expediency now. Life is short. Natural foods and herbs work better than additives and pharmaceutical drugs, but they just take longer. No one has the patience. But then when did rebels ever have patience? It is not one of the virtues that is attractively worn on a rebel. Take heed. Good hair now might mean no hair later. I better read up on Poly-Sorbate 80.

*Dear High Advisor,
I live in New York and there is this water shortage, which has happened before but now it seems worse than ever. I was reading somewhere that a permanent global water shortage is predicted. What in the world can we do about this? I believe that the whole problem in the future will stem from overpopulation, which will in turn tax all our resources.*

The drought in Ethiopia brought death and hunger and, according to water planners around the world, everybody in the next 20 years or so, even in affluent areas, will be feeling the effects of the low water tables. So what are we to do about this?

—Bill Waxman
Brooklyn, N.Y.

You seem worried and negative... don't worry about it. The end is near. Armageddon is upon us. 666. Look at all the major catastrophes; earthquakes in Mexico, droughts in Africa (and New York City), hurricanes, tidal waves, volcanoes. Then, of course, there's the plague, AIDS, which will finally wipe us all out in 50 years or so anyway, if the atom bomb doesn't do it first. Of course, before that, pollution and political avarice will destroy half the population before any nuclear war. High-minded ecologists will be exterminated because of greed. (Don't forget the Greenpeace bombing.) So relax. It's all over anyway. Enjoy what time you have left. Let them worry. But in the meantime, cut down your showers to one a day.

Dear High Advisor,
My friend and I have had a debate for several weeks concerning the amount of THC in "the leaves." He said, "They haven't got much THC. Only the buds do." I replied, "When you smoke the leaves, why do you act stoned? Is it just an act?" He answered, "Oh, I get a buzz, but I don't get as high from the leaves as I do from the buds." Is my friend full of bullshit? Or is dope dope? What's the story?

—Big Al
Aefalla, Ala.

It all depends on what kind of weed you're smoking. Some is stronger, some is weaker. With the strong stuff the buds will usually be very strong, and with weak weed the buds will be weaker. Correspondingly, the leaves will usually be stronger or weaker, and though you could get a buzz from the stronger weed's leaves, the fact remains that there's not much THC in any marijuana leaf.

Dear High Advisor,
A friend of mine just started to get high this year, and he is using everything he can get his hands on to do it. Where we live it isn't always easy to get the good stuff or the real stuff, so he resorts to trying all these harebrained things for his kicks. He has tried to eat saffron and mace, and he's also wound up getting a terrible case of poison ivy from smoking what he thought was marijuana. Now he is using something that I think is really dumb. He is busting open those nasal inhalers and using the stuff inside as an amphetamine. He isn't shooting it like I've heard some people are doing. He simply mixes it with some coffee or coke and drinks it. Do you know anything about this kind of thing?

—K.N.
Cheyenne, Wyo.

I remember this. Wow, it takes me back. This is really stupid and extremely dangerous. There are safer drugs! What do you mean he mixes it? You're talking about the inhalers with the piece of soaked cotton inside, right? How does he stomach the taste? And I get nauseous just thinking about shooting the stuff on that cotton in that inhaler. Do people really shoot it? Are they crazy? Who knows what kind of poisons are used in making those things. Sooner or later, some good, real stuff will come your way, so just sit tight until it does. You really shouldn't load up your system with a bunch of foreign chemical debris. Yuuch! It must make you feel like you've just been swimming in an espresso-and-liquid-adrenaline pool. Isn't your friend just a bit too nervous these days?

Can't you find him anything but what's inside those inhalers before his lungs collapse, his heart stops and his kidneys fail? ●

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continued from page 12

business has contracted, and that seems permanent. The car companies are making record profits, but they're not hiring back all the workers laid off during the recession, and they don't have to. The Big Three have found ways, with robotics, with pressing employees to work regular overtime hours, with extensive diversification into other industries, to generate quicker profits with less labor. Construction and picking up returnable bottles are growth industries in the city, not building cars. In fact, there are only three (soon to be two) auto factories left in Detroit; the rest moved to the suburbs, "right-to-work" states or the Third World. Thus you have the spectacle of an auto-inspired culture, with a lot fewer auto workers behind it than you might figure.

Still, signs of the preeminence of the car abound. Old auto assembly lines are ground down into concrete and scrap metal and, poetically, used as highway foundations. The city bus system is a shambles, as is a proposed downtown overhead rail system, perhaps only fitting for a town where the slogan is, "I drive, therefore I am." People here think Lee Iacocca is *already* president.

The best way to plug into the cultural life of Detroit is to leave Detroit. Go to

Lili's—ask Lili Karwowski about culture and see what she says. Dig deep into Hamtramck, the Polish enclave completely surrounded by Detroit, a place where the *Polish Daily News* comes out once a week and where the shot-glass-to-adult ratio may be the highest in the land. There is in Hamtramck a zone of wild Polish punk bars that somebody should be savvy enough to film before the scene disappears. Go to Lili's. At the bar, Lili smiles at the regulars, surveying her demesne and finding it good. On-stage, a middle-aged dude with glasses in a Girl Scout uniform fronts a band bashing something harsh out—it's bent pop, but the attitude's punk. The introvert is Mike Duffy, ace TV critic for the *Detroit Free Press* by day, leader of the Polish Muslims after hours. Some in the audience scratch their head. Meanwhile, the owner smiles like a sphinx. What the men don't know, Lili understands.

You can stagger out in time to catch a seat at Paycheck's and pay your regards to proprietor Zbigniew Malkiewicz. Ciocia Pat's Lounge deserves a stop on your jaunt, and Stooges, too, tamer than Paycheck's, but hey—any place with such cheap beer and pics of the Three Stooges abounding is all reet. Across the border in Detroit, some hotshot, newly-signed band is putting on a show at the St. Andrew's Hall downtown, and yuppie understudies from the 'burbs sniff coke in the

john and talk about outsourcing and their BMW's. Up in Poletown, the Polish Muslims are hitting their stride, the house is lurching, and it is fine.

Other musical attractions abound: Detroit may be the cocktail piano capital of the Western World, and it's got plenty of country bars and bands—even good ones!—rooted in the migration of Appalachians that started in the '30s. But, perhaps except for the Xanadu that is Hamtramck, the best thing about Detroit may be Elvis. Both of them, and there are even more. Presley impersonators Elvis Wade and Danny Vann are true hometown celebs, and they are doing well for themselves and their families. One local scribe, Ben Hamper, explains the phenomenon like this: "Devotion to Presley runs pretty thick around these parts. The fact that Elvis came up a cropper on the crapper back somewhere in the last decade seems to have very little bearing on his fans' ongoing allegiance... we don't need Presley in the room to receive Elvis!" In Detroit, the pelvis still shakes.

Also thriving are Coney Island hot dogs, invented here, and Dogs'N'Suds, the best eatery in the nabe. Strohs, Hostess cakes, and Vernors don't live here anymore, these factories pulling the plug on the city. About the dead German Shepherds, there's just no time for the telling.

Don't forget the Motor City. ●



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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

JANUARY '86

● NO. 125

by Michael Turner

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

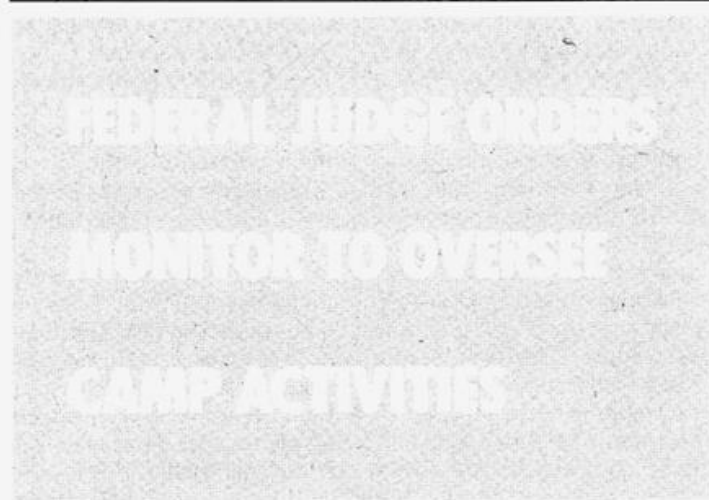
AFEDERAL JUDGE HAS ORDERED a court-appointed monitor to oversee the activities of California's Campaign Against Marijuana Planting, in an effort to curtail continuing violations of civil rights by the federal-state-local CAMP police raiders. United States District Court Judge Robert P. Aguilar, who issued a preliminary injunction last April against CAMP terror tactics and harassment of innocent citizens ["Dopeland Raiders," HIGH TIMES, June '85], appointed the monitor "to ensure compliance with the injunction and the protection of civil rights." Judge Aguilar also found that CAMP personnel were inadequately trained in regard to his injunction, poorly briefed before their field operations, and insufficiently supervised in the field. He ordered all CAMP cops to follow a new set of strict guidelines designed to eliminate further violations of his injunction.

The judge's order came as a result of a court action brought by the Civil Liberties Monitoring Project, a citizens' group formed in Northern California to fight CAMP's paramilitary tactics.

CLMP attorney Ron Sinoway of Miranda was understandably pleased with Aguilar's decision. "The judge is now forcing CAMP to act in a legal and professional manner for the first time," Sinoway told HIGH TIMES. "They will no longer be able to conduct blunderbuss operations. They will now be required to perform surgical strikes."



● Northern Cal. potbusters will be monitored by court's watchdog.



"The real winners in this court action are the people who live here."

The CLMP action alleged nearly 70 separate violations of Aguilar's April injunction—mainly dangerous and illegal helicopter antics—and attempted to prove a continuing pattern of civil-rights abuses by the CAMP raiders. After reviewing the declarations submitted by CLMP, Aguilar ordered CAMP officials to appear in court and show cause why they should not be held in contempt for violating his injunction. He allowed CLMP to select up to 10

WIDE WORLD



● Judge Robert P. Aguilar refuses to allow CAMP cops to trash civil rights.

specific incidents for presentation at the show-cause hearing. Out of the 70 alleged incidents involving violations by CAMP, CLMP selected nine to present at the hearing and scheduled 15 witnesses to testify about those incidents. CAMP scheduled 17 rebuttal witnesses. Unfortunately, owing to what Aguilar called "poor planning and inefficient presentation," CLMP was able to address only four separate incidents.

"The government attorney was very effective in tying up the court's time," said Sinoway, "so that we did not get a chance to present all nine cases. If we had, I'm certain the judge would have found CAMP in contempt."

As a result of the government attorney's legal maneuvering, the judge refused to hold CAMP in contempt. "This is not to say there was no credible evidence of violations," Judge Aguilar wrote in his decision. "Had plaintiffs more effectively presented their testimony, or covered more incidents, individual instances of contempt or even a pattern of

contempt might have been proven. Indeed, the court is gravely concerned by defendants' failure to file counter-declarations regarding most of the alleged incidents, and the hearsay nature of the declarations that defendants did file."

The judge went on to point out that "CAMP team members are not adequately briefed before each raid as to the permissible scope of, and methods to be used in, that raid. It also appears that supervision during the course of the raids was at times deficient." Judge Aguilar's careful legal wording acknowledges what CLMP officials and most Northern California citizens—both growers and non-growers—have known since the CAMP project began in 1983. CAMP honchos routinely send their men into the field with just one basic order: get the marijuana any way you can. Once in the field, the CAMP raiders are free to run roughshod over the civil rights of the local citizenry.

To rectify this situation, Judge Aguilar set up three very specific guidelines for CAMP

operations. Before each raid, CAMP supervisors and team leaders must "carefully plan the raid in order to minimize the risk of intentional or inadvertent violations" of his earlier injunction. The team leaders must also brief *each* team member (Aguilar's emphasis) as to the provisions of the injunction, the permissible scope of the raid and the methods to be used in carrying it out. Those briefings must also cover "all aspects of the raid, including but not limited to searches, detentions and seizures." This provision of Judge Aguilar's order was especially important, since many of CAMP's violations involved illegal searches and seizures, and detention of innocent citizens. The judge further ordered that all CAMP chopper pilots must be briefed before each raid about "1) the pertinent provisions of the injunction, 2) the flight paths they must take to best comply with the mandates of the injunction, and 3) the altitudes they must maintain along those flight paths." He also ordered CAMP pilots to report any changes in flight plans to their team leader, who must then make a prompt written record of such changes. CAMP chopper pilots have been among the worst violators of civil rights, frightening, threatening and harassing innocent citizens by flying dangerously low, erratic patterns.

But by far the most important provision of Judge Aguilar's decision was his order that a monitor be appointed to oversee CAMP's operations. In so doing, the judge clearly acknowledged that CAMP cannot be trusted to operate within the boundaries of the law, as set forth in his preliminary injunction. "The inherent character of the CAMP program, and the evidence adduced thus far," the judge wrote, "raise the spectre of repeated contempt hearings." It will be the duty of the monitor to try and avoid such hearings by reporting directly to the judge on any CAMP violations. Thus CAMP cops will no longer be able to act with impunity, trashing the rights of Northern California citizens, with no fear of their misdeeds being detected by an impartial observer.

"The people of Northern

California will finally be able to rest assured that CAMP will follow the rule of law and not the whim of men," said Sinoway.

The judge invited both CAMP and CLMP to submit the names and qualifications of candidates for the position. CLMP submitted the names of Steve Harvey, a former Justice Court Judge from Humboldt County, and retired Superior Court Judge Thomas Kongsgard from Napa County. CAMP recommended two unnamed individuals and also submitted eight other people for consideration. As HIGH TIMES went to press, Judge Aguilar had yet to choose the monitor.

This most recent victory does not mean that the fight against CAMP is over. It was instead merely one battle in CLMP's ongoing war against CAMP tyranny. "We now have 175 declarations from a three-year period of violations of people's rights," Sinoway told HIGH TIMES. "But that's just the tip of the iceberg. There have been far more egregious acts committed against people who are afraid to come forth and tell their stories. Some are growers who are understandably reluctant to come forth, but others are innocent people who are simply too frightened to fight back.

"We're suing for \$100 million against law-enforcement officials who have been breaking the law in Northern California."

The next step in CLMP's legal battle concerns a motion to have their court action be made a statewide class-action suit. Sinoway stressed that CLMP's move is part of an effort to alert the public to the dangers of CAMP, not only to the people of Northern California, but to citizens all over America. "The issue is, how can the government act when they are engaging in a war against civil liberties? If we can't stop them here, they're going to be able to run wild." ●

Ed. Note: CLMP is severely underfunded and desperately needs money to continue their courtroom offensive against CAMP. Please send donations to Civil Liberties Monitoring Project, Inc., P.O. Box 307, Miranda, CA 95553.

NYC MAYOR SHOOT'S DOWN FREE NEEDLE PLAN

by Joe Gillis

NEW YORK CITY

MAYOR EDWARD KOCH HAS rejected a plan proposed by the New York City Health Commissioner that called for free needles to be distributed to intravenous drug users to help stop the spread of AIDS in the city. (AIDS can be spread by dirty needles, and recent studies have shown that IV drug users may be even more at risk of contracting the disease than gay men.) In a memo to Koch, Dr. David Sencer had recommended that the city seek repeal of the state law requiring a doctor's prescription to obtain hypodermic needles and syringes. New York is one of only 11 states that have such a law. Sencer also proposed that the needles and syringes be distributed at drug treatment centers such as methadone clinics, and that those centers be designated "arrest-free zones" where addicts could swap their used needles for new ones.

"By forcing addicts to use others' needles and syringes," Sencer wrote in the memo, "we are condemning large numbers of addicts to death from AIDS."

Koch took the plan under advisement, soliciting the opinions of drug treatment experts, medical professionals and law enforcement officials. He said he would not rule on the plan until he could be sure that he would not be "encouraging the use of drugs."

The response from the medical and law enforcement communities was predictable: For the most part, health officials praised the plan as a necessary, if desperate, measure to deal with a drastic problem, while lawmakers and law enforcement types derided the proposal, saying it would indeed seem to encourage the use of drugs.

Bronx District Attorney Mario Merola opined that giving needles to addicts "would give the appearance of the City of New York condoning drug abuse."

"I don't think you're dealing with rational people here," wrote the chief assistant to the Staten Island District Attorney in a letter to Koch. "I don't think an addict would take the time or effort to obtain a free needle."

"I don't think it's advisable at this time," agreed Sterling Johnson, New York's special assistant district attorney for narcotics. "I cannot see giving needles to drug addicts."

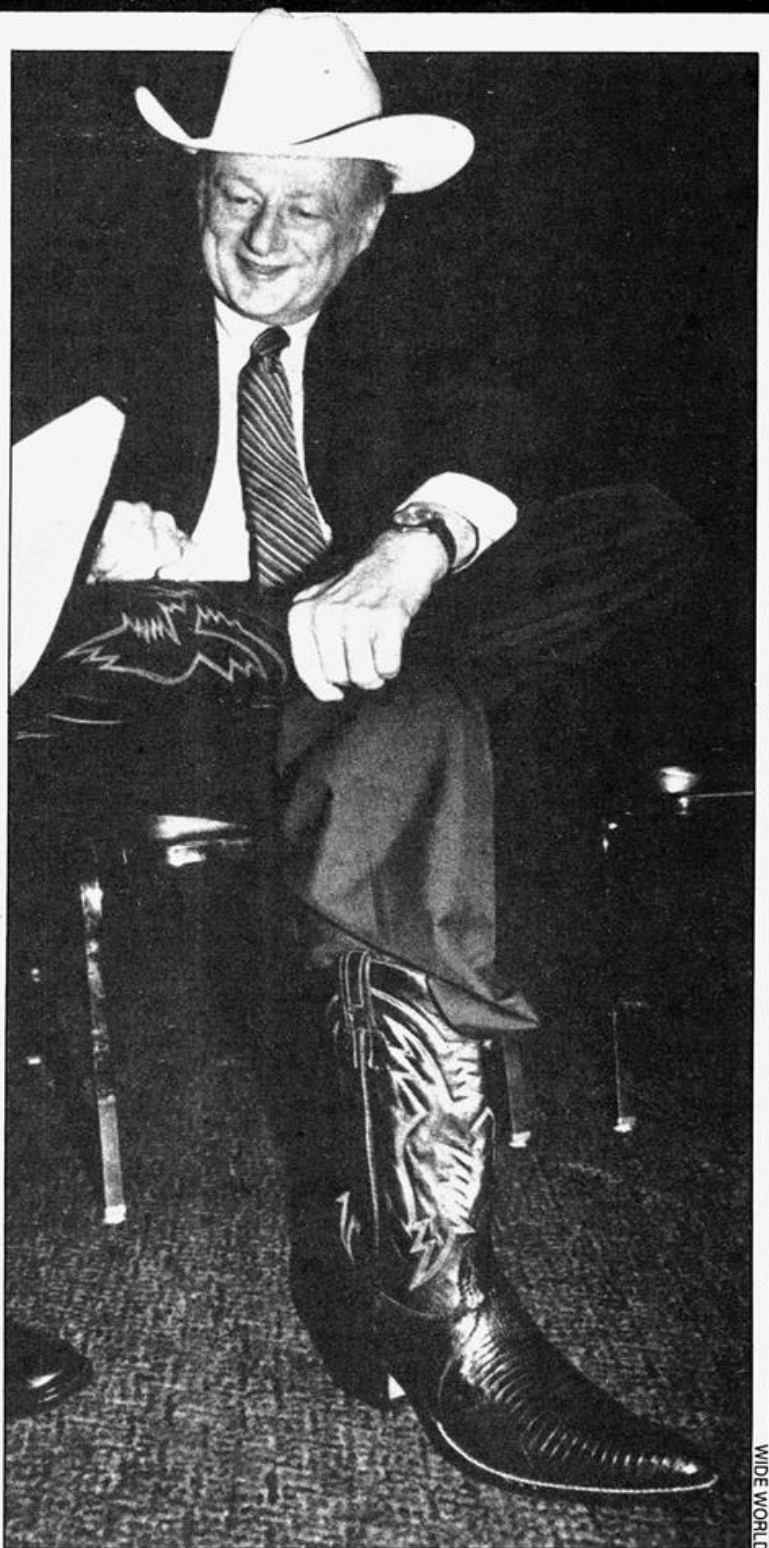
"Wow! I'm shocked," exclaimed Harriet Morse, executive director of the State Senate Health Committee. "It sounds as though it would serve no purpose. Such action would be totally irresponsible." Morse evidently did not think it was totally irresponsible to claim that saving the lives of hundreds, perhaps even thousands, of drug addicts, would "serve no purpose."

Health officials were, not surprisingly, more open to the idea. "We face a real crisis in terms of the spread of this disease," said Dr. Jay Dobkin, chief of Harlem Hospital's infectious disease division. "We may be nearly too late to avoid a catastrophe, but we should move quickly now."

Julio Martinez, director of the state's Division of Substance Abuse Services, agreed that Sencer's proposal merited serious consideration. "It beats the way the addicts are getting the needles now—through the black market," Martinez told reporters. "I don't think we should close our eyes and say it won't work."

The overall consensus among medical experts was that Sencer's plan was a sound one, no matter how dire it seemed. "It's not an off-the-wall policy, although it sounds awful," Dr. Gerald Friedland, a member of the AIDS team at New York's Montefiore Medical Center, told the *Daily News*. "This is an emergency, and we need emergency measures."

Dr. Dobkin described contaminated needles from which addicts contract AIDS as "an enormous threat not only to the



● Koch will do anything for a photo-op, but will do nothing to help drug addicts.

addict population but to their families, their relatives and the community at large." He noted that AIDS-stricken addicts have been a primary conduit for spreading the dread disease to the general population.

In the end, though, the advice of medical experts went unheeded by Koch. He preferred to side with the law enforce-

ment hacks and his fellow politicians, who know little or nothing about the disease and care only about how such a controversial action would appear to addictophobic voters. Koch shelved Sencer's proposal, and in so doing signed the death warrant of a sizable number of New York IV drug users, their families and friends. ●

by Joe Gillis

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

A RECENT CONGRESSIONAL hearing has confirmed what hip residents of the six New England states have known for years: this quaint and storied area has become a thriving center for the importation, sales and use of recreational drugs. The hearing, held by the House of Representatives' Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control, made it clear that those six states—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut—long considered to be far removed from the centers of the drug trade, now rank with Florida, New York and the Mexican border area as hotbeds of the dope business. Among those testifying before the Committee were Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis, House Speaker Tip O'Neill (D-Mass.), New Hampshire Attorney General Stephen Merrill, Maine State Police official Allan Weeks and Detective Lieutenant Rudolph Legenza of Central Falls, Rhode Island, a small city that is a major supplier of cocaine to the Northeast.

The New England area has had its share of drug-smuggling since the early '70s, owing to its many miles of inviting coastline and its proximity to the densely-populated urban areas of the Northeast, which are major marketplaces for drugs. But it wasn't until the early '80s that things really started heating up in New England. As the Reagan administration poured millions of dollars and countless man-hours into the "War on Drugs" in south Florida, dope smugglers searched for new locations to sneak their wares into the United States. Louisiana, Georgia and other southern states soon saw a radical increase in smuggling activity. But even when drugs were successfully smuggled into those states, there still remained the problem of transporting those drugs long distances over little-traveled roads and highways.

New England posed no such problems. There are thousands of miles of lightly-guarded coastline, a limited awareness

FLOOD OF DRUGS HITS NEW ENGLAND

of smuggling techniques among local law-enforcement officials, and perhaps most importantly, millions of anxious consumers in big cities within close range, accessible by heavily-traveled superhighways. It wasn't long before drugs were flowing smoothly and plentifully into the area.

"It's available, and it's coming in on a daily basis," Maine man Weeks testified before the House Committee. He told the Committee of the daily struggle by Maine's State Police to guard the state's 3,600 miles of coastline and 600 miles of international border. It is a battle, Weeks testified, that Maine is losing.

The Attorney General of New Hampshire, Maine's neighbor to the south, painted a similar picture during his appearance before the Committee. Sparing no rhetorical flourish, Merrill spoke of "a growing epidemic that brings both crime and tragedy to the young people of our region." Merrill cited cocaine as the "drug of choice" for New

Hampshire residents, especially those who work in the state's burgeoning high-tech industries. "The young professionals in New Hampshire," he said, "unfortunately, are turning to that drug." Merrill noted a recent 15-percent drop in New Hampshire's coke prices. As an indication of the proliferation of drugs in his state, Merrill cited a recent bust that netted 70 pounds of cocaine, 2,000 pounds of pot and 4,400 hits of LSD.

Massachusetts Governor Dukakis told the Committee that his state is being flooded with drugs by organized crime (always a powerful force in Mass.) and independent dealers. A visit by a HIGH TIMES reporter to the western Mass. city of Springfield (the state's second most populous city) confirmed Dukakis' testimony. Springfield had recently been rocked by a police scandal that resulted in more than a dozen city cops being busted for possession and/or sales of cocaine. That scandal had alerted the

citizenry to the proliferation of drugs—especially cocaine—in the city.

Conversations with numerous users and dealers affirmed the fact that cocaine purity is up and prices are down. By all accounts, use of the drug among all classes of people in Springfield is rampant. Visits to local bars, nightclubs and discos offered first-hand evidence of the proliferation of drugs in every area of the city. Cocaine, marijuana and pills (mainly Valium, codeine and Percodan) were readily available at every location visited by HIGH TIMES, and the number of people using these drugs was truly staggering.

"It's unbelievable what's going on here," said Penny, a 25-year-old hairdresser who served as HIGH TIMES' guide to the Springfield drug scene. "Just within the last two years or so I've seen cocaine go from a secretive, underground kind of thing to the trendiest thing in town. I meet all kinds of people in my line of work, and everybody confides in their hairstylist. I'm amazed at not only the number of people who are doing coke, but the *kind* of people: housewives, bank tellers, teach-



● Coast Guardsman guards nearly 200 bales of pot retrieved from scuttled boat off Cape Cod. An estimated 15 tons were eventually salvaged.

ers—just *everybody*.”

Richard, 23, a “retired” construction worker, spoke of the boom in the local drug business. “I started selling coke a little over a year ago,” he told **HIGH TIMES**, “just to make a few extra bucks. Within a few months I was making more money from drugs than I was on the job. Pretty soon I had to quit my job because it was interfering with my business. I can sell as much coke as I can get my hands on, and the more I buy, the more I sell. It’s like the law of supply and demand taken to infinity.”

Within a few weeks of our visit to Springfield, two consecutive front-page news stories offered further confirmation of what we had learned first-hand. The first story dealt with a Springfield police seizure of half a kilo of what the cops described as “pure rock cocaine.” “It is certainly one of the largest seizures of cocaine we have ever had in Springfield,” Crime Prevention Bureau Lt. Gary Mitchell told reporters, adding, “It is some of the purest we have ever seen.”

The following day, the lead story on the front page of the *Springfield Daily News* was headlined “Narcotics Sweep Nets 17.” It told of a three-month investigation that led to the indictment of 36 men and women on charges of sales and/or possession of cocaine and heroin. However, more of the suspects escaped arrest than were apprehended, as 19 of those indicted managed to evade the police dragnet. “We think some of those we are looking for went underground,” Crime Prevention Bureau Detective Capt. John J. Brown told reporters, displaying a firm grasp of the obvious. “The word was out all day yesterday we were out there looking for them.” Brown claimed that the arrested suspects were “all dealers in either heroin or cocaine.”

Much of the dope in Massachusetts is smuggled directly into the state from South or Central America. The rustic coastline of Cape Cod has become a prime target for smuggling operations, as have the fishing ports of Gloucester and New Bedford. In the latter two cities, many fishermen, responding to a severe downturn

in their native industry, have resorted to smuggling drugs in their fishing boats. Both of those cities have been the site of numerous major smuggling busts.

Another indication of the volume of Massachusetts’ smuggling operations is the recent cavalier abandonment, off the coast of Wellfleet on Cape Cod, of a trawler loaded with over 600 bales of marijuana. Authorities speculate that the smugglers were having trouble finding a spot to dock the 60-foot boat, so they simply scuttled it and split, content to try another day with another shipment. At the House Committee hearings, Tip O’Neill compared the current dope-smuggling situation in Massachusetts to the heyday of Prohibition, when thousands of gallons of liquor were smuggled into the state every week.

The most startling New England drug story is that of little Central Falls, Rhode Island, which, according to law-enforcement officials and sources knowledgeable about the drug trade, is one of the biggest cocaine distribution centers in North America. The cocaine traffic in this small city (pop. 18,000) first came to the attention of local law-enforcement officials a little over two years ago. “We started noticing a lot of strange cars, a lot of number plates from Florida, New York, Illinois,” Central Falls Detective Rudy Legenza told the *New York Times*. “We started seeing a lot of traffic in and out of houses. Not just regular in and out. People coming up from New Jersey with expensive clothes and jewelry.”

Legenza and his partner, two of the only three detectives on the 44-member Central Falls police force, soon learned why the out-of-state cars were there. Central Falls had become the epicenter of the cocaine traffic in New England and a major supplier of coke to the urban areas of the Northeast. Legenza estimates the volume of cocaine trafficking in Central Falls at \$100 million a year. And the coke sold there is high-quality stuff; undercover agents in Central Falls routinely make buys of cocaine that is 90, 95 or even 100 percent pure. Equally startling is the price of this high-

grade snort: an average of \$1000 an ounce, roughly one-third less than the going rate for far inferior coke in New York City.

Why Central Falls? A quirk of history. In the early ’60s, the local textile industry began recruiting cheap labor from Medellin, Colombia to staff Central Falls factories. The number of Colombians in Central Falls has since swelled to approximately one-third of the city’s total population. Medellin eventually became a center for cocaine processing, and when traffickers from that city were looking for a safe place to do business in the states, they chose Central Falls, a city where they could blend in with the local populace and not arouse undue suspicion.

Today, according to Legenza, “If you were a golfer, you could get up on the roof of the police

station with a 9-iron and you could hit a drug dealer’s house in any direction.” In the past 18 months, a joint federal-local task force has busted almost 40 people who law-enforcement officials allege were major cocaine traffickers.

Legenza joined the other New England officials in testifying before the House Committee. Their testimony should serve as a warning to other areas of the country whose residents believe that widespread use of recreational drugs is confined to the urban centers of America. “People say to themselves, ‘It can’t happen here,’” said the Attorney General of New Hampshire, addressing Committee Chairman Charles Rangel (D-N.Y.). “Mr. Chairman, I represent New Hampshire today to tell you that it is happening here.” ●

BOLIVIAN VEEP CALLS FOR COCA FUND

NEW YORK CITY

THE VICE-PRESIDENT OF Bolivia told the United Nations General Assembly that his country’s efforts to control the growth and distribution of coca have caused economic turmoil and contributed to the country’s skyrocketing inflation rate, which he said was the highest in the world. Julio Garret-Aillon said that Bolivia could not continue to contribute “its meager resources to an isolated campaign against illicit drug trafficking.” He called upon the major drug-consuming countries to contribute to a fund that would buy the coca leaves from peasant farmers in his country.

Bolivia grew about 49,000 metric tons of coca leaves in 1984, second only to Peru, where 60,000 metric tons were produced. Garret-Aillon said that coca is Bolivia’s most important foreign exchange commodity and that his country can no longer afford to continue to fight against its production. He said the coca-buying fund, supplemented with an “active policy toward the substitution of coca planting,” would keep the coca from “falling into the hands of organized crime.” The ultimate goal of this coca fund, according to Garret-Aillon, would

be to establish a “world system of control of the raw material without damaging the economy of the peasants.” The Bolivian V.P. did not specify which of the “so-called consuming countries” should contribute to the fund, but no doubt the list would be topped by the good ol’ U.S.A., which would mean that this country could throw away millions more dollars on a war that *cannot be won*.

But there’s no doubt that misguided individuals like Vice President Garret-Aillon will keep on trying, and that the United Nations will allow itself to be used as a forum for anti-drug propaganda. At the U.N.’s conference on crime held last August in Milan, Italy, drug trafficking was Topic A, and the anti-drug rhetoric flew hot and heavy. Nancy Reagan used the U.N. as a forum for her anti-dope crusade when she gathered 30 wives of world leaders for a conference on drug abuse as part of the U.N.’s 40th birthday celebrations. Now Secretary General Javier Perez de Cuellar has proposed a conference in 1987 to discuss drug abuse and trafficking. He said that “the time has come for the United Nations to undertake a bold and new offensive to combat” the drug problem. ●

ACTIVIST NEWS

REFORM REPORTS

● **The Adventure Continues.** One of the hottest debates about petition-signature-gathering is about where petitioners should be allowed to gather signatures. In 1984, the Oregon Marijuana Initiative had to take the question to the courts several times as marijuana-initiative petitioners were either asked to leave—or were actually arrested at—area shopping centers. OMI could not bear the expense of taking each shopping place to court, but they did achieve victories by being allowed access, albeit with some restrictions, to several area shopping malls.

Because of Oregon's inclement weather, which inhibits outdoor collecting, and since malls are where many people shop, these small victories were of some consequence. However, the big test was never formally brought to court.

Nestled in almost every town in Oregon is a Fred Meyers shopping center. This center always consists of a Fred Meyers store (one of the new genre of glitzy discount-everything stores) and usually contains a bank, grocery store, laundry, etc. Fred Meyers Inc. and Fred Meyers Real Estate Properties Ltd., operators of the conglomerate of malls, did not care to have the marijuana petitioners on their properties. They felt so strongly that, after arresting several OMI members who then pointed out that others were freely allowed to solicit signatures on the properties,

they banned *all* petitioners. Those who returned were harassed to the extent of having their signature papers defaced by store managers.

To avoid similar hassles, before the summer signature blitz this year, OMI representatives Anthony Taylor and John Sajo, and their attorney, Michael Rose, attempted to open negotiations with Fred Meyers officials. The committee's goal was to reach mutually-acceptable guidelines for its petitioners to follow. After one meeting, Fred Meyers refused any further contact. In an effort at creating an atmosphere conducive to further negotiations, OMI held off the planned mass petitioning at Fred's.

On August 25, it became clear why Fred Meyers had closed down negotiations. Their attorneys, Joe Dean and former NORML attorney Charlie Hinkle, had been busily preparing a suit asking the Multnomah County Circuit Judge to issue a Temporary Restraining Order (TRO) which would ban OMI from Fred Meyers' premises.

Then, on September 23, after hearing extensive arguments from both sides, Circuit Judge Harl Haas dissolved the TRO which had banned OMI's presence. OMI advocate Rose had contended that, although Fred Meyers claimed to have personal property rights jurisdiction over their centers, they were not in fact afforded the same privacy guarantees since the public is "actively invited" to use the facilities.

On several occasions before

making his decision, Haas had asked OMI for further information regarding specific petitioning procedures. Realizing that the court was not going to help keep OMI off its premises, Fred Meyers then agreed to negotiate with OMI. A reasonable set of rules was agreed to. Even after apparently accepting the judge's decision, Fred Meyers tried to make things as difficult as possible. As a last-ditch effort, they posted signs stating that they "do not agree... but the law has taken away" their right to stop the marijuana petitioners. However, the signs tended to elicit amusement rather than deter shoppers from signing the petition. Gaining access to the steady flow of Fred Meyers customers helped push OMI's signature total over their goal.

And the adventure continues! We'll be sure to give you all the latest info. ●

OMI UPDATE

As we went to press, Oregon Marijuana Initiative officials were on their way to the secretary of state's office in Salem with 87,000 signatures on petitions in support of the marijuana-legalization measure.

That's more than enough to qualify the initiative for the '86 ballot. All that remains is for the secretary of state to validate the signatures. That's where the OMI ran into trouble last year—at the last minute a large number of signatures were disallowed, in a highly questionable state-government maneuver. But OMI officials learned a lot from that misfortune and vow not to allow a similar injustice to occur this time. We'll have a complete report on the current OMI campaign in our next issue.

The Activist News supports efforts geared toward creating rational drug policies, policies that do not violate basic constitutional freedoms. The public health, safety and welfare is best protected through an open exchange of accurate information that will allow individuals to make responsible, well-reasoned choices concerning their personal drug use.

The Activist News provides an open forum for public dialogue on reform issues. It focuses on the largest group of Americans disaffected by their country's antiquated, control-oriented drug policies. It is for this group of eight million American adults who use marijuana—one third of all adult American citizens—that this forum has been created.

Send your ideas, questions, calendar items for the "Action Agenda" (three months lead time), artwork, poems, articles, news clippings, resources and funding ideas to support this project to:

Activist News
P.O. Box 20525
New York, NY 10025

ACTION AGENDA

FEBRUARY

1-8 Advanced Criminal Law Seminars

Aspen, Colorado. Organized by independent law offices to provide "a forum for those who recognize the importance of the legal system in effecting broader political, economic and social policies." Program includes such notables as Al Kreiger, Gerald Goldstein, Tony Serra, Gerry Lefcourt, Alan Ellis, Samuel Buffone and Alan Dershowitz on parole, civil liberties, RICO statutes and new trends in criminal law. For brochure: Advanced Criminal Law Seminars, 2115 Main St., Santa Monica, CA 90405, or call (213) 399-3259.

12-16 National Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers (NACDL)

Midwinter meeting. Acapulco, Mexico. Write to: NACDL, P.O. Box 7349, Washington, DC 20044.

MARCH

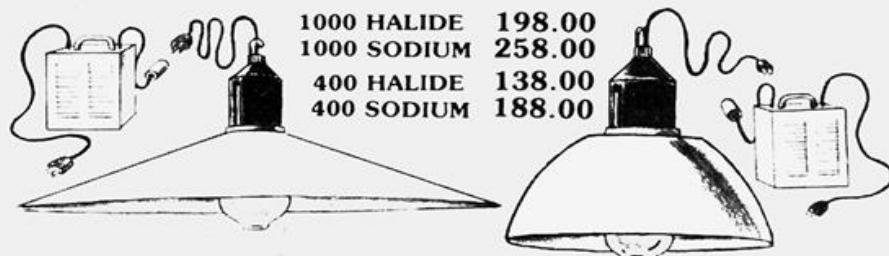
1 **The Citizens Movement Dedicated to Abolishing Nuclear Weapons** will begin a 3,235-mile walk from Los Angeles to Washington, D.C. The journey is expected to take seven months. For info, write ProPeace, 8150 Beverly Blvd., Suite 301, Los Angeles, CA 90048, or call (213) 653-6245.

30-31 **North American Greens' Conference** Newark, New Jersey. The Greens are an international political movement advocating ecology/peace/democracy and social responsibility. For more info, write P.O. Box 392, Canal St. Station, New York, NY 10013, or call (212) 533-5028.

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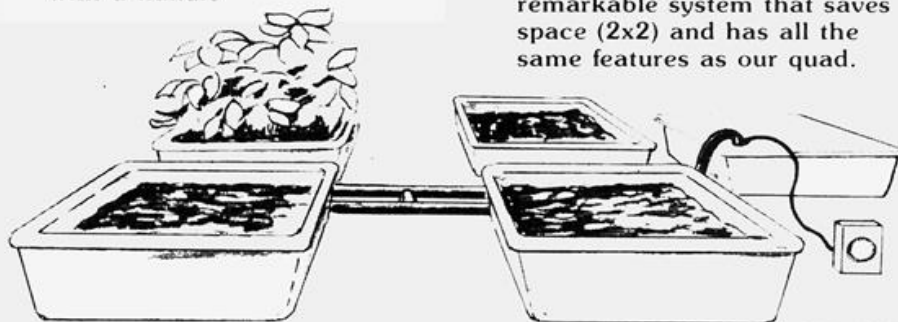
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PEOPLE COME TOGETHER IN REFORM MOVEMENT

● SINCE I BECAME DIRECTOR OF NORML in 1983, I have noticed the expanding nature of the movement to reform marijuana and other drug laws. From the grass roots to the halls of academia and to public opinion, the reform movement is taking off, and NORML is at the center of it.

We first noticed the rising tide of our movement at the grass-roots level. More and more people called NORML to ask how they could get involved. We suggested they join the diverse group of people who were already involved: parents, students, activists, lawyers, doctors, teachers—people from all walks of life.

One state where we saw the movement growing fast was Oregon. Perhaps the single most important movement in Oregon, and in the rest of the country, is the Oregon Marijuana Initiative. OMI is now involved in a year-long campaign which will result in the first vote ever on the legalization of marijuana. Through great effort on a grass-roots level, OMI persevered, despite obstacles placed in its path by the government, and collected tens of thousands of signatures to place the issue before the citizens of Oregon. OMI is the beginning of a nationwide debate on the legalization of marijuana. Oregon was the first state to decriminalize possession of marijuana. Ten other states, encompassing one-

● The campaign to change marijuana and other drug laws is gaining momentum thanks to a varied group of supporters.

third of the country's population, enacted decriminalization, and dozens of others enacted similar reforms following Oregon's lead.

Also in Oregon, Sandee Burbank formed a group named MAMA—Mothers Against Misuse and Abuse. MAMA's involvement in the drug issue demonstrates what NORML has known for years: marijuana prohibition hurts adolescents. It makes our schools and streets into unregulated marijuana markets and entices adolescents to try the forbidden fruit. In the end, the need to keep marijuana out of the schools will be the key issue that results in reform.

The state of California has been demonstrating new interest in reform. In Northern California, citizens have formed organizations to monitor the activities of the California CAMP program. Numerous abuses of peoples' rights have been reported. A local group working with NORML, the Civil Liberties Monitoring Project, has been able to get an injunction against CAMP.

There are many academics who have been involved in reform for a number of years, many of whom have been involved in NORML. Indeed, both national commissions which studied the marijuana issue have concluded that marijuana should either be decriminalized or legalized. The most recent was the National Academy of Sciences' five-year study, published in 1982.

A recent addition to these academics is Dr. Arnold Trebach, the Director of the Institute for Drugs, Crime and Justice. This is a unique drug-policy curriculum

in the highly-respected criminal justice department at American University in Washington, D.C. Dr. Trebach is a forceful advocate for reform. He has written one book, and is working on a second; he's published numerous articles and appeared on many radio and television discussions of the issue. The academics, like Dr. Trebach, are an important aspect of the reform movement.

In the last eight months or so, we have seen the reform debate move to the public forum. Articles by conservative columnists William Buckley and Barry Gray, and liberal columnists Mike Royko and William Raspberry have endorsed reform, as have articles in the *Portland Oregonian*, the *Seattle Times*, *Police Review*, the *Detroit Free Press*, the *Wall Street Journal*, the *New York Times*, *Advertising Age*, *USA Today*, the *New Republic* and even *New York Air Magazine*, to name a few. Well-known television personalities Barbara Walters and Hugh Downs have also endorsed legalization.

We have also seen public leaders endorsing reform. Washington D.C. Methodist Minister, Rev. Andrew Leigh Gunn, endorsed legalization of all drugs as did the highly-respected D.C. Lottery Board Chairman Brant Coopersmith. Portland Police Chief Penny Harrington endorsed legalization of marijuana, as has South Carolina Solicitor Charles Condon.

I've noticed an important shift in public opinion in doing radio and television shows. Legalization has become a more acceptable position. I recently appeared on a nationwide call-in show on C-SPAN. Every caller supported legalization. The same occurred on a recent one-hour radio show. This has never happened before.

Polls indicate that the people of Oregon will vote for legalization. Indeed, a poll conducted by Oregon's State Police indicated that marijuana searches should be one of the lowest priorities. In Missouri, the town of Columbia voted down marijuana decriminalization by only 800 votes.

Marijuana law reform has attracted a diverse, pluralistic group. The roots of our movement go back more than 20 years, before NORML was formed. This movement will not go away until this issue is resolved and marijuana users are no longer branded as criminals.

Marijuana will definitely be legalized. There are now as many marijuana consumers as there are people over the age of 65, and look at the political power they have. Our bandwagon is beginning to roll. Join us now and legalization will happen sooner.

For further information on how you can join NORML or get active, write us at 2001 S St. NW, Suite 640, Washington, D.C. 20009 or call (202) 483-5500. ●

CASE OF THE COCAINE KISSER

by David Harrison

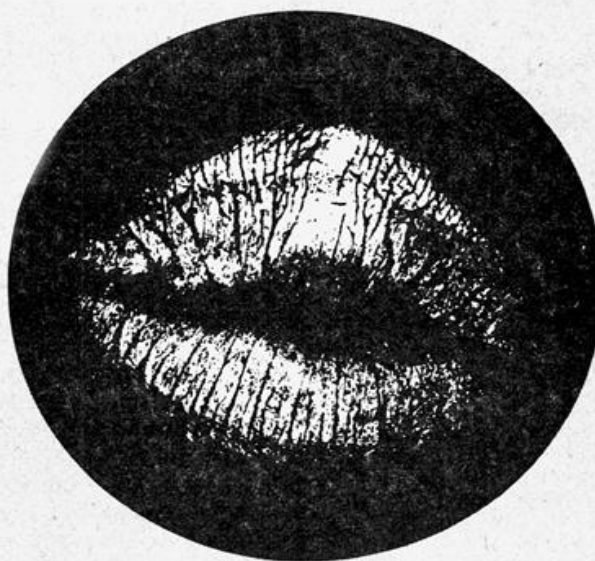
ANCHORAGE, ALASKA

A MAN WHO NARROWLY AVOIDED JAIL when his girlfriend convinced a judge that her coke-soaked kiss had caused him to test positive for cocaine ended up in the slam when a subsequent urinalysis showed coke again present in his system.

William Boyd had been free on bail while awaiting sentencing for being a convicted felon in possession of a concealable gun. A condition of his bail was that he not use any illegal drugs. When Boyd tested positive for cocaine, a bail revocation hearing was set.

At the hearing, Boyd produced a surprise witness, his girlfriend Vickie Morgan, 28, who told the judge that her passionate kiss on the day before the urine test was the reason for Boyd's coke-positive results. Morgan testified that she had sprayed between a half and three-quarters of a gram of cocaine in her mouth before planting a wet one on Boyd's lips at a wedding reception.

Judge Victor Carlson expressed skepticism over Morgan's story. In a letter to HIGH



TIMES, Boyd wrote that the judge told him "he was skeptical that this could happen because he had never read it in HIGH TIMES." In spite of his skepticism, Carlson allowed Boyd to remain free on bail.

But not for long. The following week, Boyd again tested positive for coke. This time, Judge Carlson wasn't buying Boyd's claim that he had again been in the company of The Cocaine Kisser on the day before his piss test. Carlson revoked Boyd's bail and

sent him to jail.

In his letter to HIGH TIMES, Boyd maintained his innocence and asserted that he had not done any cocaine while he was out on bail. He asked if we knew of any similar cases, and if so, could we forward the pertinent information to Judge Carlson. We could not find any precedents for Boyd's case. Readers having any information that might help Boyd should send it to: The Cocaine Kisser, c/o HIGH TIMES. ●

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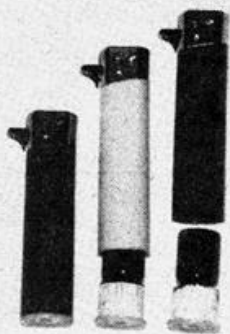
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ANALYSIS

NOT YOUR EVERYDAY MOM-AND-POP COKE DEALERS

by Gene Wheelwright

ON OUR MOST RECENT TRIP TO SAN FRANCISCO, we visited a couple of old friends from the hippie days who, for lack of a better description, could be referred to now most plainly as not your everyday mom-and-pop coke dealers. In a big city like that, you're going to find every kind of dealer imaginable, including a variety of mom-and-pop types, but for dealing cocaine, these folks are truly extraordinary.

For one thing, they've been dealing coke for roughly the same price, at more or less the same high level of purity and quality, out of the same old Victorian-gingerbread house near Buena Vista Park, for going on ten years now, and for an ever-growing herd of regular clients over the years, the place has gained the same reassuring—but lower-profile—familiarity as the Golden Gate Bridge.

The long-term stability of this business enterprise has been the result of the consistently high standards Mom and Pop have maintained in acquiring and distributing their product: It's always of the finest quality currently available, guaranteed to be at least 94+ percent pure. In the smaller, higher-priced quantities, they go so far as to offer the option of pre-ground rocks—handy pocket powder—which always comes packaged in impeccably folded little bindles, as standardized and machine-stamped in appearance as sticks of chewing gum.

With the same uncompromising consistency, they've never adjusted their price structure or fronted any amount of product to anyone, no matter how strong the sentiment or close the friendship (usually felt to be closer by the customer). "That kind of thing just gets you into trouble with your other friends," says Pop, sitting there in a crisp, linen Nehru jacket while thoughtfully tugging at the end of his neatly trimmed goatee. "And you might end up having to scale down your whole price structure," says Mom, lounging on the couch and afloat in black satin and white lace. Tonight is a "coke night," so they're going out on the town.

But all this is only for openers. Coke is too heavy and insidious a substance for these to be their only ground rules for dealing it. Right down to the length of the lines they lay out either as samples or as offerings to the social graces, they're unswerving in keeping agreements made beforehand on just how much is

minimally necessary to loosen up the clientele and promote the product. For visitors, whether potential customers or not, there's the enticing promise of a little line, and maybe even some wine, to bring on a taste of consciousness that makes the cut-glass mirrors sparkle. But beyond that, it's impossible to cajole Mom and Pop into spontaneously "party-ing." No doubt deriving from lessons dearly learned in their past, they seem to have full knowledge of how dangerous it is in their kind of milieu to indulge in the slightest urge to let it all hang out.

They lead a carefully maintained double life, you see. By day Pop wears the suit-and-tie uniform that clones him into invisibility at City Hall, where he holds a supervisory position. Mom works the day shift at a print shop, setting type with computerized lasers. Under no circumstances do they do their night business with their fellow employees. The wall they've erected between one scene and the other is air-tight.

They've come a long way from their hippie lifestyle of old, having long ago given up smoking pot or taking psychedelics. Their drugs of choice now are various expensive forms of alcohol, and, of course, cocaine hydrochloride. But, without known exception—and maybe by now you'll believe this, too—they have gone for years, every other day, using neither drug at all. Somehow, by using coke and alcohol only every other day, they've managed to stabilize their stratospheric orbit. It's as if to withstand those regular, overwhelming assaults on the will and survive, they must practice an immensely demanding self-discipline. Like cocaine itself, Mom and Pop are a steel fist in a velvet glove.

Pop points out something interesting as we sip champagne. He opens one of the drawers in their stained-glass stash cabinet and takes out all the necessary paraphernalia for grinding up rocks and laying out a line. About five hundred sealed razor blades are lined up in a row; the rest is plastic. "It's all disposable," he explains. "You know how it is with AIDS around here. They say the virus is even in spit and snot. So we don't take chances. We protect our customers."

After a moment Mom hands a sterile, plastic tray across to us. On it are three perfectly straight lines of equal length. With the faintest of smiles, she says, "A little toot?" ●

TRANS-HIGH MARKET QUOTATIONS

Area Bulletins

UNITED STATES			
Atlanta, Ga.			
north Ga. sinse,	oz	\$125	
"buzz city"			
LSD, white blots	one	5	
	100	200	
"XTC," "Ecstasy,"	one	10	
"fresh kick"			
Birmingham, Ala.			
Jamaican buds,	oz	180	
rare & pricey	lb	1200	
Thai weed,	oz	120	
green-gold	lb	1300	
Mexican pseudo-	oz	70-90	
sinse, "a flood	1/4-lb	250-275	
of crud"	lb	600-800	
Colombo, seedy,	oz	90	
"fair smoke"	lb	800-1000	
'shrooms, species	oz	80	
unspecified	lb	900	
LSD, gold dolphin	one	5	
LSD, "white	one	4-6	
lightnin'			
cocaine, "40-	gm	100	
50% pure"			
Caro, Mich.			
local sinse, light	oz	70-80	
green, very good	lb	700-800	
homegrown, dark	1/4-oz	10	
green, not so good	oz	35	
Mexican brown,	oz	55-60	
"OK, seedy"	1/4-lb	175-180	
Colombo, brown,	oz	50-55	
"shitweed"	lb	550-600	
hash, green,	gm	15	
dark outside	1/4-oz	50-55	
LSD, purple micro-	one	2-2.50	
dot, "OK"	100	100-110	
LSD, everglade pic,	one	3	
"heavy buzz"	100	125	
cocaine, "too	line	5	
much cut"	1/4-gm	25	
Charlotte, N.C.			
"Carolina kickass,"	oz	180-190	
potent buds			
"grow room sinse,"	oz	120-140	
rarest buds			
"Oaxacan/Afghi hy-	oz	100-130	
brid" from N.M.			
Jamaican, "varies ...	oz	60-70	
comes and goes"			
"Lumbo dirtweed,"	oz	50-70	
poor to fair	lb	600-700	
Jamaican buds,	oz	160	
"superbo primo"	lb	1600	
Jamaican com-	oz	80	
mersh, "o.k."	lb	900	
Mexican, seeds	oz	80	
& stems	lb	900	
Moroccan hash,	gm	10	
"seen better"			
mushrooms,	gm	5	
"about a 6"			
LSD, plain white,	one	4	
"poor quality"			
LSD, cartoon blot-	one	6-8	
ter, "good stuff"			
speed, "rare, in	one	3-5	
demand"			
coke, "same old	gm	80	
25% garb"			
Dover, Del.			
crank, brown, "big	gm	60-65	
burn, great ride"			
Eatontown, N.J.			
Hawaiian sinse	oz	225	
"Colombian Gold"	oz	100-160	
"Panama Red"	oz	100-140	
"Buddha Thai"	oz	135	
"Skunk Weed"	1/2-oz	95	
"Jam Lambread"	oz	60-70	
common Nebras-	1/2-oz	60	
kan buds			
common Missou-	1/2-oz	50	
rian buds			
Afghani hash oil	gm	20	
Afghani black hash	gm	15	
cocaine, "direct	gm	30	
from the Bronx"			
Evansville, Ind.			
"Buddha" (Thai?),	oz	200-250	
dark & sticky			
sticky indica, "nice	oz	180-225	
when around"	lb	1300-1600	

Jamaican lamb, "al-	oz	150-190	
"ways available"	1/4-lb	500	
Thai, brown buds,	oz	140-180	
"tightly packed"			
Kentucky home-	oz	90-110	
grown buds	lb	900-1100	
"tri-state skunk-	1/4-oz	35-45	
weed buds"			
"sinsemilla, B-	oz	75-100	
grade or lower"			
Colombian, "dirty	oz	60-80	
domestic"			
"hempweed," used	lb	100	
as additive			
hash, black & red	gm	8-12	
Lebanese, "good"	oz	135-175	
LSD, red-skeleton	one	3-5	
blotter, scary			
coke, just blowing	gm	100	
through			
crank, "home-made,	gm	90-100	
half-assed"			
tarheel sinse,	oz	105	
quality buds			
hash, blond Leb,	gm	6	
"OK at best"	one	3	
LSD, moon &			
star blotter			
mushrooms,	gm	6	
"mindblowing"	oz	100	
cocaine, "rocks,	gm	100	
with luck"	1/2-oz	250	
Hunterdon Co., N.J.			
swampland skunk,	oz	125-140	
"grower's choice"			
New Jersey-grown	oz	100	
Mex, "tasty"			
Kingston, R.I.			
hashish, "black	gm	5-8	
like fudge"			
Las Cruces, N.M.			
local sinse, "Mesilla	1/4-oz	20-35	
Valley Madness"	oz	60-90	
valley-green sinse,	1/4-oz	20	
"pine aroma"	oz	65-90	
green-gray Mexican	1/4-oz	10	
sinse, "bleach-	oz	30	
white buds"	lb	400	
Mexican merish,	1/4-oz	25	
"speedy buzz"	oz	55-80	
local Mex <i>mota</i> ,	1/4-oz	20	
"same ol' shit"	oz	40-60	
grower's shake	1/4-lb	35-70	
coke, Peruvian pink-	1/2-oz	350	
yellow, "Wow!"	gm	120-130	
coke, "long lines,	gm	100-125	
no waiting"	1/2-oz	300-350	
crank, liquid—burn-	gm	30	
ing-nose syndrome	gm	50	
Vt. buds, "weed you	oz	120	
want to horde"			
Milton, N.Y.			
local sinse buds,	oz	100-120	
"fruity aroma"			
"hash buds—taste &	oz	70	
act like good Leb"			
commercial dirt,	oz	60-80	
"mobweed"			
acid, Nancy Reagan	one	5	
blotter, "speedy"			
New York City			
Hawaiian buds,	oz	225-275	
watch for fakes	lb	2400-3000	
California sinse-	oz	200-250	
milla, <i>it's here</i>	lb	2200-2500	
West Coast sinse,	oz	200-235	
skunks & kushes	lb	2000-2400	
Fla. budlets, Apa-	oz	100	
lachicola high			
cornbelt cannabis,	oz	165-185	
some super	lb	1800-2000	
W. Va. sinse,	oz	140-160	
mostly sativa	lb	1700-1850	
Thai, pressed kilos,	oz	150-175	
"bongo bows"	lb	1450-1800	
Thai, tied bundles,	oz	140-200	
last of the best	lb	1600-2000	
Thai, end-of-season	oz	150-195	
remnants, dry	lb	1575-1975	
Jamaican, few	oz	100-120	
big-leaguers	lb	1000-1200	
Mexican greens,	oz	90-150	
sinse, sort of	lb	800-1400	
Colombian, almost	lb	625-675	
nonexistent			

Afghani black hash	lb	1100-1500	
Lebanese hash, reds	oz	100-125	
& blonds galore	lb	900-1350	
Moroccan hash,	oz	150-185	
great if fresh	lb	1400-1750	
coke, Colombian,	oz	1600-1800	
ivory snow	1/4-lb	5200-5600	
coke, "Brazilian	oz	1600-1800	
gold," lunar allure	1/4-lb	5200-5600	
blotter acid,	one	3-5	
"looney tunes"			
Newport News, Va.			
domestic pot, "great	oz	80	
buzz, no seeds"	lb	700	
Phoenix, Ariz.			
Mexican sinse,	lb	550	
"seedy"			
MDMA, "from	one	14	
Austin"			
coke, "great"	gm	120	
homegrown sinse,	oz	85-95	
"unreal high"			
Providence, R.I.			
LSD, yin/yang, for-	one	3-5	
mer star/crescent	100	140	
LSD, Japanese	one	5-10	
family crest			
San Francisco			
No. Calif. sin-	oz	150-200	
semilla tops	lb	1800-2200	
Thai, white light	oz	100	
from brown trash	lb	1300-1400	
"Bow-Thais,"	oz	125-150	
compressed	lb	1400-1500	
"T-shirts," Thai,	oz	150-175	
vacuum-bagged	lb	1700-1800	
Mexican, low-	oz	75-100	
octane sinse	lb	600-800	
mushrooms, high-	oz	75-150	
quality <i>cubensis</i>	lb	450-800	
coke, pure, plenti-	gm	75-100	
ful, available	oz	1450-1550	
domestic indica,	oz	150-175	
manicured buds	lb	2000-2200	
Thai, vacuum-	oz	100	
bagged kilos	lb	1300-1400	
coke, better/worse	gm	50-175	
than ever	oz	1425	
sinsemilla, "origin	oz	120	
unknown"	1/4-lb	300	
Colombian	oz	70	
"seed sacks"	1/4-lb	180	
hash, "varies"	1/4-oz	35	
shrooms, "scarce"	gm	7-9	
coke, "not bad	gm	120	
for up north"	1/2-oz	300	
AUSTRALIA			
worth its weight	gm	\$185	
in pearls	oz	3,500	
BOLIVIA			
paste	kilo	\$800	
blanco	kilo	1500	
DENMARK			
Copenhagen—			
Moroccan hash	gm	\$5.50	
Afghani hash	gm	5.50	
sandy blond			
dark black, cut			
with ghee			
rare, low-key	gm	2.50	
really grass oil,	gm	16.50	
made from tops			
picked wild,	kilo	900-1100	
from cowpies			
PERU			
Lima—			
Cocaine	paste	kilo	\$1000
	blanco	gm	20-30

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ABUSE FOLIO



HARMALA ALKALOIDS

AKA

● harmine, harmaline, d-1,2,3,4-tetrahydroharmine. Ayahuasca, vine of the souls, caapi, natema, pinde, yage and kahi.

CHARGES

● Harmala alkaloids are said to produce vomiting, diarrhea and visions.¹

NATURE AND USE

● Chemically, the harmala alkaloids are 7-methoxy-beta-carbolines.² They occur in the seeds of the Near Eastern shrub *Peganum harmala* (Syrian rue), in

Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D. Written by David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. The authors do not advocate the use of any psychoactive substances.

the bark of South American vines of the Banisteriopsis genus and in the vine *Tetrapteryx methystica*. In the Amazon basin of South America, a drink is made of this bark that is known variously as ayahuasca or "vine of the souls," caapi, natema, pinde, yage, nepe or kahi.³

Yage is considered an exotic psychedelic, one that even well-trained psychopharmacologists and ethnobotanists have had difficulty studying within its natural environment. Andrew Weil, M.D., attributes this at least partly to the spread of "civilization," or at least the corrupting use of alcohol through the Amazon basin.¹ Scientific writings about this drug group in general are sparse. Its folklore is relatively widespread, however, and several writers, including William Burroughs, with *The Yage Letters*, and Peter Mattheissen, in *At Play in the Fields of the Lord*, have dealt with it. Medical and anthropological discussions of these drugs are to be found in Manuel Cordova-Rios' *Wizard of the Upper Amazon* and *The Healing Journey* by Dr. Claudio Naranjo, a Chilean psychiatrist now living in Berkeley, California. While Burroughs and Mattheissen's books came out in the '60s, popular interest in these drugs has been recently revived by the movie *The Emerald Forest*, in which Amazon Indians are seen using dimethyltryptamine (DMT), or yopo, which is often mixed with yage to produce a more vivid visionary trip.

There is little reliable information on what constitutes a dose of these drugs. Grinspoon and Bakalar cite reports to the effect that harmaline is said to be active at 70- to 100-mg intravenously, or 300- to 400-mg orally, and harmine is said to be about half as active.² According to Stafford, harmine and harmaline have the same strength and are active orally at 200 mg., or about 30 inches of vine.⁴

At least within the original cultures, these drugs were usually used ceremonially or to produce healing or prophetic visions. There is a wide difference of opinion as to the general effects of these drugs. The same could be said of most psychedelics. It is generally agreed upon, however, that the user withdraws into a trancelike state, usually following some gastrointestinal problems similar to but sometimes reported as more intense than those experienced on peyote. In this trancelike state, the user is apt to experience dreamlike imagery. When one's eyes are open, these images are superimposed on surfaces and vibrations in the visual field. When the eyes are closed, the subject may see long sequences of vivid and graphic images that are said to include many icons from

their cultural heritage. A curious effect is that at least according to Naranjo, city dwellers may have visions of wild animals and native jungle scenes just as do the native jungle users.

Effects may include an experience of flying and seeing things from the air, or scenes a great distance away. According to Weil and Rosen, Indians say the spirit of the vine enters their bodies and makes them see visions of jungles and jungle animals, especially jaguars.⁵ They say the drug enables them to see the future and communicate telepathically over great distances. Grinspoon and Bakalar say that there may be a sense of suspension in space or flying, falling into one's own body, or experiencing one's own death, or one may experience mythical symbols or archetypal themes of sexuality or aggression.² Duration of the effects is reported variously at six to ten or four to eight hours.

Anthropologists from Colombia and Peru are currently investigating a most intriguing report that the drug itself, when taken in a correctly prescribed ritual over time, can teach its user the native plant lore of the Amazon basin.

HAZARDS AND LIABILITIES

● The drugs in this group often produce nausea, vomiting, sweating, dizziness, lassitude, tremors and numbness. Some of these adverse symptoms may be either produced or exacerbated by the use of alcohol in the ceremony by users who have been touched by civilization.

FIRST AID PLUS

● Little is known about the dangers of these drugs or their treatment. In general, the basic talkdown techniques used for any psychedelic bad trip could be used for disturbing visions. The adverse physical effects apparently pass with time and with the metabolization of the drug. ●

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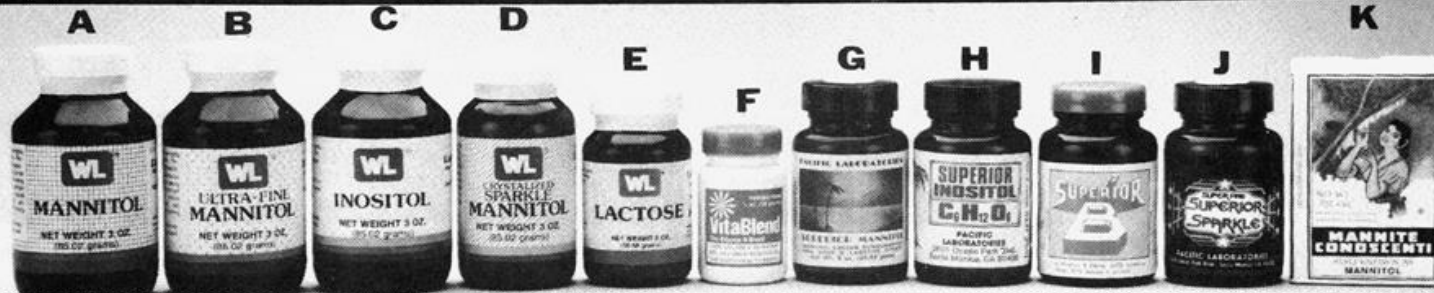
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● The message of the Sixth New Music Seminar was clear: meet the new boss, same as the old boss.

NEW TUNES OR THE SAME OLD SONG?

B Y G L E N N K E N N Y

At least the hotel was new, proving that novelty isn't everything. The Marriott Marquis, an ugly, white slab that's been inching its way up the Times Square horizon ominously over the past couple of years, was hardly 100-percent functional as thousands of new music devotees from the far corners of the globe straggled in during the last week of September for the annual New Music Seminar. In its six years of existence, the NMS has managed to rise above its humble beginnings and subversive intentions to establish itself as an enormous event with determinedly fuzzy intentions.

The first Seminar in 1979 was held in a small avant-garde performance space called the Kitchen, located in New York's labyrinthian Soho. That NMS featured talks by then-industry trouble-makers like Devo's Jerry Casale and Brian Eno. It didn't take too long for the Seminar to move uptown, and button down its collar accordingly. Thus, NMS '85—a microcosm of the music biz, a seller's market.

No doubt this year's motley crew, a nice mix of grease and mousse, of art and commerce, were diverted by questions like Find the Working Elevator and Guess Which Escalator Isn't in a

PHOTOS BY RÖZ LEVIN



Designated Construction Area, but that's not why they were there. The Seminar had attracted both the buzzard and the lone wolf and everything in-between, all of them equal, I suppose, because all of them had paid the \$175 registration fee that gave them the privilege of attending many major clubs

new products from Lolita Pop and "heard-you-missed-me,-well-I'm-back,-and-surprisingly-still-alive," Richard Lloyd. The ploy worked, predictably enough, especially considering how much they were charging for drinks in the adjacent Shmoozatorium.

Gerard Cosloy, an energetic,



all over New York *gratis*, watching panel discussions that were scheduled to be informative and controversial (nice touch, to *schedule* controversy) and hobnobbing with "old friends" (ah yes, personal bonds renewed after long, lonely months of mere phone contact... got any coke?) or—and this is where it gets tricky—new contacts.

The Seminar proper was held on three floors of the Marquis, of which Levels Six and Seven were the sites of a vast array of panel discussions. The topics ran the music industry gamut—you could attend a panel on video directors one hour, and on heavy metal the next. But what most of the panels were really about was selling—how to make money off whatever you had.

Level Five boasted the Exhibit Hall, where majors, independents, hardware dealers, management firms, video firms and, of all things, a robot manufacturer got to hawk their wares. Exhibit stands didn't come cheap (cost: about a grand) but some folks were able to exploit their potential to the fullest. Mistlur Records, a Swedish outfit, used cold bottles of beer to bait folks to their stand, before trying to interest them in

committed, hype-hating guy who runs Homestead records, one of the more daring and productive labels on the American indie scene, groused about the stupid questions he was approached with (he's friendly, but doesn't suffer fools well), like "I'm from a video pool, do you have a video reel?" or "I'm from a dance music pool, do you have any dance music?" (Keep in mind that the records Cosloy's pushing are from the likes of noisy, grungy bands such as Sonic Youth and Live Skull.) But Cosloy also admitted that the display was just a real good way of getting *noticed*, of letting people know that the music he so aggressively works for is actually out there and available. Thank God for him, though, that he *did* manage to meet a few kindred spirits during the three days of the Seminar, or else he might have been moved out of sheer frustration to chew through the whole exhibit hall like PacMan with rabies.

If having an exhibit stand made life easier for some, not having one made life exciting and dangerous for others. John Flansburgh and Bill Krauss, of the delightfully funny and in-

ventive New York band They Might Be Giants, paid their registration fees and then hunted people down, with mixed success. They enthusiastically pitched a tape to Seymour Stein, president of Sire Records, who mumbled "I'm always looking for new artists" as he gazed at his shoes, but got a much more enthusiastic response from *Entertainment Tonight's* Dixie Whatley, who gave Flansburgh a vaguely salacious autograph based on the band's claim to Giantdom, and informed this reporter that he's on "the cutting edge of popular culture."

The panels that were supposed to be educational were just that, in a sense: they taught the underdog that "we," whoever "we" are, run this business, and if you want to play with us, play our way. No longer are questions like "What is new music?" addressed; when the Seminar got started, musicians like Eno, Talking Heads and John Lydon were innovating all over the place and answering that question. Old attitudes were being challenged. Ways of handling music with an eye on the music itself rather than its function as a commodity were discussed. We were talking about an art form, goddamn it, and it was time we overthrew the complacent, stagnating industry and built something of our own that we could be proud of. That's how it seemed six years ago. But as the innovations of new wave and punk were assimilated into the mainstream, a lot of folks found out that the mainstream wasn't an altogether uncomfortable place to be. It wasn't so long ago that rock video, for example, was discussed in terms of a new art form, a way of battling industry hegemony, and the people making rock videos were video artists. That didn't take too long to change, did it? For whatever good things there were about it, the message of this year's New Music Seminar was clear: meet the new boss, same as the old boss.

It was made clear during the manager's panel, when ESP management's Bud Prager actually took Brit band Cure's manager Chris Parry to task for saying that a manager's first obligation is to the artist because, after all, "that's who wrote the song." It was made clear when

you saw an entire ballroom pat itself on the back when Solar Records' Dick Griffey made a keynote address on how the music industry should address itself to the issue of apartheid in South Africa, and then saw the actual panel on the subject—one of the most informative and moving events of the Seminar—

*(Preceding page)
Debbie Harry's
favorite color is still
blondie, on the
artist's panel at
NMS '85, while
Frank Zappa re-
acquaints a rapt
crowd with the
First Amendment.
(Left) Rappers and
scratchers spin their
discs onstage, and
(near and far right)
popsters and metal-
heads schmooze
shamelessly. (Below,
right) Yoko Ono and
Herbie Hancock are
luminescent presences
in an otherwise
dim-bulb bizfest.*

play to a half-empty room. It was made clear in the face of Marc Hollander, a Belgian who once led Aqsak Maboul, an art-rock outfit that managed the neat trick of being visionary and funny at the same time, and who now runs a label called Crammed Discs; he could be seen at various times wandering through the exhibit hall and panel rooms with a somewhat befuddled look about him, watching in mute amazement (but no surprise) as all around him folks were playing that music biz game.

Of course, to play well, you had to know the field. Adjacent to the exhibit hall was the "Shmoozatorium," set up for doing the sort of stuff that makes the Seminar "such an important opportunity," or so says the NMS flyer. Only the aforementioned Shmoozatorium was stuffed with blaring video monitors, contained a bar staffed by two people, and had hardly any light. The Shmoozatorium also housed entertainment events presented by the dreaded Palladium doorman Haoui Montaug (who, on the last day of the Seminar, moderated the artist's panel and asked luminaries like Yoko Ono, Herbie Hancock and Deb-

bie Harry what their favorite colors were). Notable among these was a delightful display of idiocy by noted New York Nothing John Sex ("It's time to get down," smirks he; "It's time to get dumb," grumble several disgruntled parties rushing for the exit). So, the Shmoozatorium was not the place to deal.



No, the real action was on the eighth floor lobby, not, obviously, reserved for the Seminar, but containing quite a few elegantly-appointed spaces where all the majors had established tabs, and if you weren't lucky enough to get taken up there by a friendly publicist, you could buy yourself an expensive—but very high quality—drink and maybe get away with not paying for it. (I did nothing of the sort.) This was where all the bizzers were hanging out, and the odd observer was afforded priceless snatches of dialogue like "If you can get Wall Street behind you, you're in the clear," or "Direct mail. Do you know how many Hohner harmonicas I was able to move by direct mail?" Yikes.

Yes, the days were long, one of them almost sucked up by much-hyped Hurricane Gloria, whose bark was worse than her bite. Panels droned on, and a couple *were* fun—one on the record-ratings controversy generated some heat, with journalist Dave Marsh sinking his teeth into Recording Industry Association of America prez Stan Gortikov's ass for kowtowing to the Par-

ents' Music Resource Center's call for industry self-monitoring in the hope of getting them to back the cassette-tape tax legislation he supports. But the artist's panel, said to be so inspiring last year, was a disgrace this time around. Everyone seemed tired except Marianne Faithfull, who was just embar-

places like the Ritz and Irving Plaza. A lot of good bands, most of which are already signed to major labels. So what's *new* got to do with it?

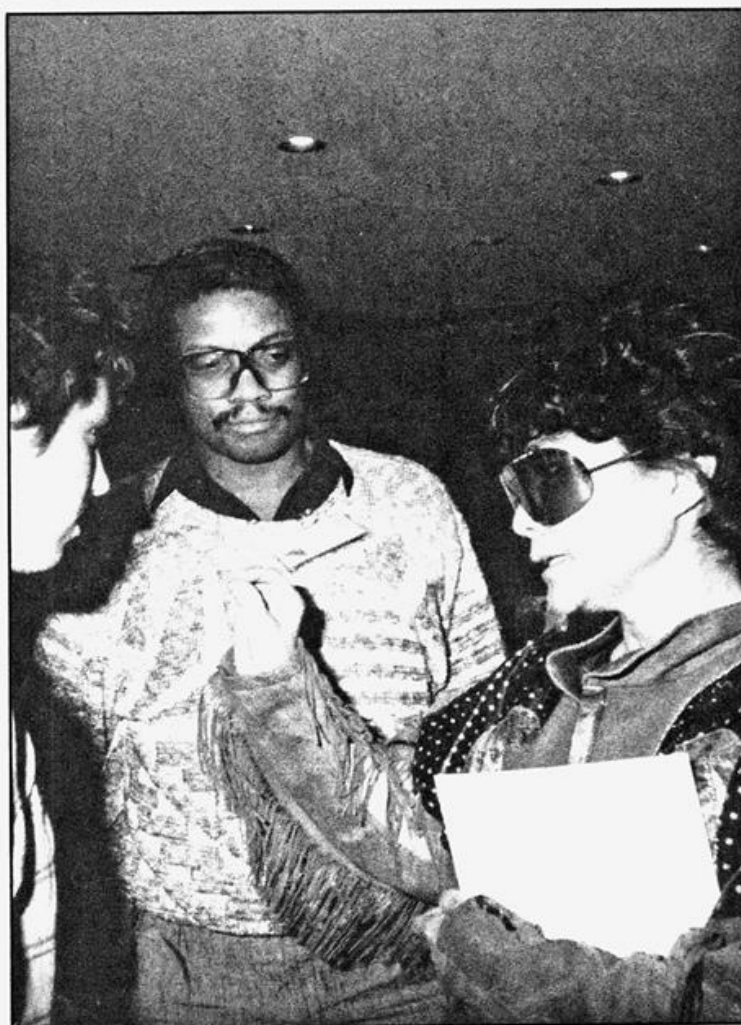
Not a whole lot, not anymore. Commitment to an ideal is one thing; building a career, making money, *dealing* is another. I honestly think that the Semi-

nar's founders, directors Joel Webber, Tom Silverman, and Marc Josephson, once thought the two mutually compatible. But playing things as safe, and, I assume, as profitably as they do, they may be blowing their chance to demonstrate their convictions. Whatever the hell they are. ●



rassing, standing up every five minutes and squawking, "What are we going to do about the Washington Wives?", like a character from a Monty Python skit. John Cale, usually a sensible fellow, suggested that the best way of dealing with the PMRC's Washington wives was to ignore them, and they'll go away. Yoko Ono provided a luminescent presence, but was so soft-spoken as to be incomprehensible. Usually fired-up folk like Midnight Oil's Peter Garrett and U2's Adam Clayton were laid back enough that you'd think they were auditioning for session work with Kenny Rogers. When someone from the audience stood up to tell Faithfull how much she had liked "As Tears Go By," I was out of there.

The nights were intended to be exhausting. There were a couple of "hospitality suites" in the hotel; record companies invited you to come on upstairs and try to push your way through a simulated re-creation of that infamous Who concert in Cincinnati in order to grab a beer and a sampler cassette. Then there were the artist's showcases, specially-booked events closed to the public at



Rollin' name

● Horticulturist KAYO spells out the history of cannabis-calling.

Farmers and gardeners have an interesting way of occupying long winter evenings. They sit down with seed catalogs and consider possibilities for the future. The catalogs list genetic variations of their favorite crop. Each variation has a name. There is a Platinum Lady sweet corn, a Tiny Tim tomato, an Ozark Beauty strawberry. . . The crop with the most names, however, is not corn or tomatoes or wheat. It is our old friend cannabis.

If you could look into the seed catalog of a cannabis cultivator, you would likely find such names as Big Bertha, Orient Express and Mendocino Madness. Look into the next cultivator's catalog, and you'll likely find an entirely different set of names, such as Backyard Boogie, Medicine Bud and Black African. What's in all those names? Let's toss a generalization or two into the fire—gotta keep warm—and see if we can find out.

THE GENUS: CANNABIS

Thousands of years ago, *Homo sapiens* stumbled onto a plant with a split personality. One side was utilitarian in nature. This plant could be made into rope, clothes, and paper,

or used as a medicine. In 2,000 B.C., Emperor Shen Nung of China prescribed using the plant to cure many ailments, including rheumatism and absent-mindedness. So valuable was this plant to early America that in 1619 the Virginia General Assembly made it mandatory for every citizen with seeds to plant them. Because it fulfilled so many human needs, the plant traveled the world with the wanderings of people. Wherever people went, the plant was sure to follow.

The other personality of this plant was euphoric in nature. It manufactured a chemical which could elevate the spirits. In 500 B.C.,

the Greek historian Herodotus wrote of how a nomadic Russo-Turkish people called the Scythians, who lived in portable felt teepees, would "take some of this seed, and creeping under the felt coverings, throw it upon the red-hot stones; immediately it smokes, and gives out such a vapour as no Grecian vapour-bath can exceed; the Scyths, delighted, shout for joy. . ." Many people valued the euphoric personality of this plant, and so took seeds with them wherever they traveled.

Quite naturally, the plant took on many names in many different tongues. The Chinese, who cultivated the plant for fiber, called it "ma." The Hindus of India, who cultivated it for the chemical, called it "ganja." In the early days, when great distances separated peoples from one another, these common names worked quite well. One could say to the neighbor, "I'm going to grow a crop of ganja." The neighbor would understand. But when the peoples of the world grew together, it became necessary to develop one name for all people.

In the 1700s, a Swedish botanist, Carolus Linnaeus, established a system for naming plants according to their botanical charac-



teristics. Under this system the plant was given the genus name *Cannabis*. *Cannabis* is a Latin word derived from the Greek "Kavva-Bis." To this day, the Latin nominal *Cannabis* is the only name accepted without argument for the plant with the split personality.

THE SPECIES: *SATIVA*, *INDICA* AND *RUDERALIS*

As the world's peoples grew together, a certain animosity developed between those who cultivated cannabis for fiber and those who cultivated it for the euphoric chemical. The first major confrontation occurred shortly after A.D. 1000, when peoples of the West launched a series of religious crusades to wrest the Holy Lands from peoples of the East. While there, the Crusaders ran into "The Old Man of the Mountains."

As the mythic story goes, the Old Man, Hasan ibn al-Sabbah, led an independent army the likes of which the Crusaders had never encountered before. Hasan instilled loyalty through the practice of "hashishi," which worked as follows: Certain young devotees were selected and rendered unconscious with a concentrated form of cannabis

the "assassins," after the practice of hashishi. And through their fear of the assassins, the crusaders developed a healthy fear of the euphoric uses of cannabis. They took this fear back with them to the capitals of Europe where it grew like a weed.

This King Arthur-like legend is one explanation for the development of names which could differentiate the uses of cannabis. So plants cultivated for fiber were called hemp, and those cultivated for the chemical were named marijuana, ganja, bhang, and many other names. Following this line of reasoning, scientific names were developed which also distinguished the different types of cannabis. The tall, spindly plants cultivated for fiber were given the species name *sativa*. The short, compact plants cultivated for the chemical were given the species name *indica*. And the wild, uncultivated plants native to Russia were given the species name *ruderalis*.

THE VARIETIES

The genus *Cannabis* has a remarkable ability to adapt to both natural and cultural selection. As a result, many different varieties of *indica* and *sativa* became apparent. A popular variety of *sativa* cultivated for the fiber was called "Kentucky." A popular variety of *indica* cultivated for the chemical was called "Afghani." Though many varieties evolved in response to nature, many more evolved in response to culture.

In 1937, the fear of cannabis became so great that the entire genus was made illegal. This legislation produced interesting results. Those fiber varieties of *Cannabis sativa*, like the "Kentucky," which were cultivated in large fields, were quickly eliminated. But the publicity of Prohibition sparked new interest in the chemical varieties of *sativa* and *indica*. As a result, a great trade burgeoned in seeds from every variety which could produce a good "high."

Through this trade, new varieties of *sativa* and *indica* were imported from all over the world. The cannabis cultivator's seed catalog now reads like an international road map: *Cannabis indica* variety *Afghani*, *Cannabis sativa* variety *Mexican*, and so on.

THE STRAINS

Within each variety are many different strains, each of which displays the major varietal characteristic, but differs from the others in potency, taste and other factors of importance to cultivators and connoisseurs. To catalog these strains, cultivators give each one a personal identity. For example, the best plants from a crop of *Cannabis indica* variety *Afghani* become the "Big Mama" strain, while the worst plants from a crop of *Cannabis sativa* variety *Mexican* are named the "California No-High" strain. Since almost every crop of cannabis is an illegal one, there is no centralized facility for registering names. Each cultivator must keep an accounting of his or her own gene pool. That is why there are more names for cannabis than any other crop. ●

NAME GAMES

THE COLORFUL HISTORY OF CANNABIS-NAMING HAS RISEN TO GIDDY HEIGHTS OF STONED CREATIVITY AMONG 20TH-CENTURY POTHEADS.

Because cannabis is illegal in America, those who use the plant for euphoric purposes have developed many code words to describe the plant to fellow users. And since the euphoric use of cannabis often stimulates creativity, numerous descriptive slang terms have entered common usage thanks to the well-fueled imaginations of users. A list of each and every slang name for cannabis could probably fill all the pages of this magazine, and even then we would no doubt be omitting a number of regional, local or private terms favored by users in different parts of America. But we can at least pinpoint a few of the more common nicknames for cannabis, and weave some tales of marijuana lore resulting from these names.

Probably the most creative era of cannabis-nicknaming was The Jazz Age of the late '20s and early-to-mid-'30s, when marijuana was still legal. Hipsters in the jazz scene were quick to sing the praises of pot, and indeed there were a number of jazz songs written specifically about cannabis, including Louis Armstrong's "Muggles" (now *there's* a fun name for cannabis!), Benny Goodman's "Sweet Marihuana Brown," Fats Waller's "Viper's Drag" (viper being the then-current term for a dooper), Cab Calloway's "That Funny Reefer Man" (a live performance of which was filmed for a W.C. Fields/Burns & Allen comedy movie), "Texas Tea Party," "Smokin' Reefers" (a line in that one called marijuana "the stuff that dreams are made of"), "Mary Jane" and even the "Mary Jane Polka."

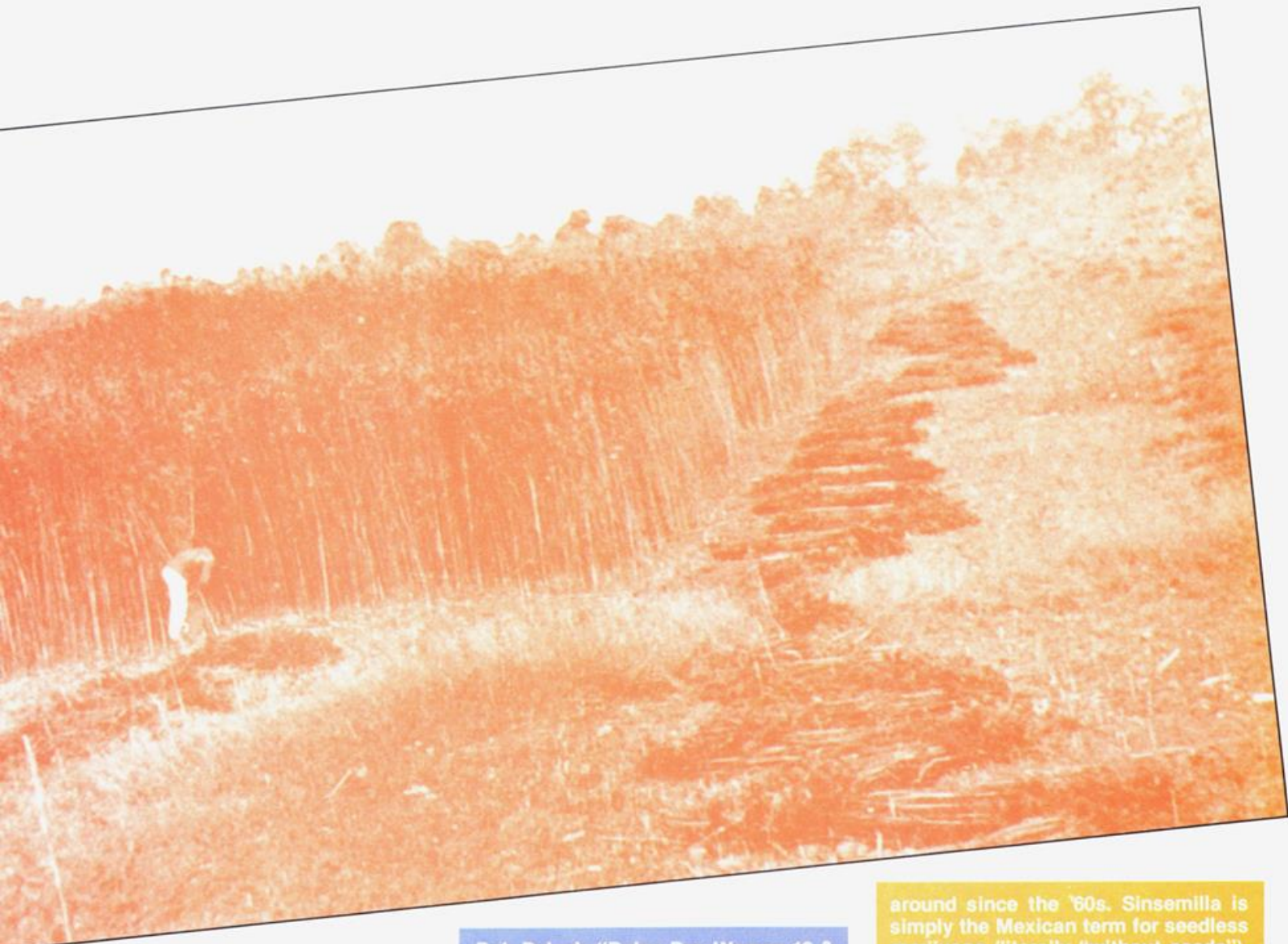
But the coolest Jazz Age marijuana-name story concerns white jazzman Milton "Mezz" Mezzrow, the high priest of Harlem. Mezzrow hit the Harlem streets in 1929 and shortly thereafter began selling reefer. Mezzrow's pot was of such consistently high quality, and his hipster credentials were so impeccable, he soon became known as the "White Mayor of Harlem" and

● Kentucky hemp farm circa 1900.



"The Man That Hipped the World." But even more of an honor was bestowed on Mezzrow when "mezz" became one of the most common nicknames for quality smoke, first in Harlem and then all over the U.S. and Europe. (Mezzrow sent pot to musicians who were touring the Continent.) A fat marijuana cigarette became known as a "mezz-rolle." Soon, "mezz" was a Harlem slang synonym for cool. Now *that's* hip.

After marijuana was outlawed in the U.S. in 1937, the drug went underground, and playful nicknaming all but ceased. It wasn't until the hip revolution of the '60s that marijuana usage again became widespread and its users once more got creative in nicknaming. Pot, grass, weed, smoke and doob (from doobie, a nickname for a marijuana cigarette) were among the most popular names in the '60s. There were specific names given to popular strains of marijuana, such as Panama Red, Maui Wowie and Kona Gold (both from Hawaii), ganja (the old African name



for marijuana was used to describe pot from Jamaica), elephant grass (usually from Africa or Thailand) and Acapulco Gold. A pop song was written about the latter; it was a Top 40 hit in early 1967, until a radio programmer finally realized what the song was really about. "Ain't nothin' it can't fix," went the lyrics, "Old dogs can learn new tricks/When the streets are lined with bricks of Acapulco Gold." Once the true meaning was discerned, the song was quickly banned from AM airplay. (This was shortly before the days of FM rock radio.)

So widespread had these marijuana nicknames become, and so prevalent was their usage in pop culture, especially in rock 'n' roll songs, *Time* magazine ran an unintentionally hilarious article "uncovering" the pot references in pop songs. Among the songs cited were The Association's "Along Comes Mary," Peter, Paul and Mary's "Puff, the Magic Dragon" (to this day the three folkies deny that the song was anything more than an imagistic fantasy with no hidden marijuana meaning) and

Bob Dylan's "Rainy Day Women 12 & 35." Not content with pointing out the fact that the latter song's tag line was "Everybody must get stoned," *Time* made the loony claim that rainy-day woman was a common slang term for a marijuana cigarette. That was undoubtedly news to Dylan, as it was to millions of other pot smokers, for whom a marijuana cigarette was usually a joint, sometimes a stick, a j, a bone, a skinny or a fatty (those last two nicknames used to denote a joint of stingy or generous proportions) but *never* a rainy-day woman.

In the '70s, a few new names came into common usage, most notably herb, which was copped from the Rastas of Jamaica. Domestic marijuana became a force to be reckoned with in the late '70s, and new names for this All-American herb soon entered the smoker's lexicon. Northern California became a generic term for any marijuana grown in that area, while skunk weed, red-hair and Humboldt heavy referred to potent strains produced in that fertile growing region.

The name that has become most prevalent in the '80s has actually been

around since the '60s. Sinsemilla is simply the Mexican term for seedless marijuana (literally "without seeds"), and in the '60s the word referred to exactly that: Mexican marijuana buds that had been bred to be seedless, thus increasing the potency. By the late '70s the term had come to cover any seedless pot, especially that grown in Northern California. In the '80s the term has been broadened even further to cover just about any marijuana of superior quality, and is usually shortened to simply "sinse." Nowadays, the term has become so common that virtually all street pot dealers refer to their product as sinse (in New York, it's been shortened even further, to "sess"). In spite of the fact that said product is rarely of superior quality and almost never is without seeds.

Any substance that stimulates the creative juices as intensely as cannabis is bound to spark a slew of nicknames. And in our capitalist society it's inevitable that some of those names will be used as a sales lure, honestly or otherwise. But it really doesn't matter what it's called, just as long as it gets you high. Which is also known as stoned, loaded, buzzed, ripped, blazed, bombed, etc. But that's another story... ● — E4.

City slickers move to Northern California and discover that funky fires are fed by—wood.



R. CRUMB '85

QUEST FOR FIRE WOOD

By

JAY FELDMAN

Illustrations by

R. CRUMB

When you live in the country, firewood is a basic element of survival—wood equals warmth. By becoming acquainted with the inherent properties of the available kinds of wood, you learn how and when to cut and split your firewood, and also how to burn it.

On the coast of northern California, there are three main varieties of firewood—redwood, Douglas fir and oak—and each has its own set of idiosyncrasies. Redwood is the softest and, particularly in the case of older trees, exceedingly straight-grained—very easy to cut and split. Because it catches easily and burns quickly, redwood makes the best kindling, but it absolutely will not burn green or wet. Douglas fir is harder than redwood, and also cuts easily, but is much easier to split after it seasons, so there's a lag time between cutting and splitting. Because of the veins and pockets of pitch found throughout, Douglas fir tends to burn hotter than redwood. Used in conjunction with the softer wood, fir is excellent for establishing a fire and building up a good bed of coals for the oak. Hard and dense, oak is the king of firewoods. The crucial thing about gathering oak is to split it green. A double-bladed axe will slide effortlessly through a good-sized round of freshly cut oak, but if you let that same round dry out, you'll have to use a sledgehammer and wedges to bust it up. Not only does oak burn hot and slow, it burns almost as well in a green or wet state as it does cured.

This knowledge of firewood is acquired gradually, by experience, over the course of a few winters. Very few of us who left the cities in the back-to-the-land exodus of the late '60s knew much of anything about firewood. In fact, when it came to any of the basics of country life, most of us didn't know shit from Shinola. We didn't know which end was up. Many of us were coming from the rat races of academic and professional backgrounds—lifelong city people who, except for our determination, were ill-equipped for this radically different lifestyle.

"The country" held out the hope of a better life in much the same way, I suppose, that coming to America has promised a new start for countless generations of immigrants. Of course, the analogy is limited, but the image is essentially accurate. We heeded the call of the beacon of the Mendocino lighthouse: "Give me your bearded, your stoned, your dropped-out masses..." And so we embarked, the wretched refuse, the great unwashed, and we washed up on the shores of Mendocino, yearning to breed free. Oy, what greenhorns we were!

For those like myself, the impulse which led to our moving to the country was the pursuit of a romantic ideal, a Rousseau-esque conception of the good life, symbolized by a return to nature. We planted a few vegetables, frolicked in the rhododendrons, got stoned and had mystical visions. The feeling was one of being at summer camp with no counselors, or of being on a perpetual vacation. (To an inquiry about what I did for a living, I once answered smugly, "I'm retired." I was twenty-five at the time.) It was a tremendously exciting and liberating life. We were pioneers, exploring the frontiers of consciousness and a new subculture, searching, always on the cutting edge.



R. CRUMB '85

Firewood, however, was not one of the pressing concerns that first summer. Oh sure, we knew that winter was inevitable, but it wasn't immediate, and in those days if something wasn't immediate, it got low priority. We made an exercise of living for the moment. "Be here now" was the motto; spontaneity was everything. After so many years in highly structured, 9-to-5 lifestyles, any type of planning for the future was regarded with disdain. If somebody came by with a joint—a not uncommon occurrence—it could easily change the whole direction of your day. You had to go with the flow. So, if you woke up on any particular morning and felt like cutting firewood, you went and cut firewood. If you didn't, you didn't. Most days we didn't.

Although I had spent the previous winter in the area, I hadn't comprehended the importance of gathering firewood as an on-going summer project. I'd lived much of that winter in my panel truck, and during that time I had no need for wood. Also, I'd moved to the coast in the fall, just as the rainy season was getting underway, so all the occasions on which I helped other people with their firewood had

been in fall and winter. Gathering wood under those more or less inclement conditions had simply been a wonderful adventure for me, yet another facet of my romantic notion of country life. "Wow," I'd suddenly think, as I helped load someone's pickup truck with newly-sawn wood, "here I am *cutting* firewood!"

Unfortunately, that initial winter's experience gave me a somewhat mistaken notion of what the task of gathering firewood was all about. The idea, you see, is to accumulate enough wood during the late spring, summer and early fall so that you don't have to be out there cutting wet wood in the cold wind and rain. Besides the unpleasantness of working under those conditions, there is the more basic problem of getting to the firewood. A vast majority of the good wood is found off old, frequently steep logging trails, and those roads turn to pig shit with any amount of rain. Desperation and foolhardiness led more than one of us down those roads in quest of firewood, and consequently, the recruiting of towing-and-pushing crews was quite commonplace among the greenhorn subculture.

But getting back to that first summer—the few times we did go out

"Suddenly I knew where my next bit of wood was coming from."

for firewood, it usually went something like this: we'd cut wood for a couple of hours until sooner or later someone would produce a joint, and it would be break time. Well, in case you've never tried it, smoking dope and cutting firewood don't go especially well together, so that would pretty much put an end to the work party.

Like many others, most of my physical labor that summer went into building a primitive shelter for the coming winter. Fortunately, Mendocino has a relatively mild climate—the main problem is staying dry—so we were able to survive with some pretty ramshackle structures. On a friend's land, using scrounged scrap lumber, I built a 10' × 20' platform about two feet high, with a small set of steps leading up. On the platform I built a simple frame and covered it with semi-transparent mylar plastic. It was almost like living outdoors, but it had one great advantage of keeping out the wind and rain. There was no insulation, of course, but as long as you had a fire going in the wood stove, it stayed warm inside.

Aha! There's the basic problem in a nutshell. To stay warm you need a fire; to keep a fire going you need wood—and as we found out the first time it rained, you need a lot of it. It quickly became apparent that the meager pile of firewood I'd managed to gather would barely get me through the first wet spell.

So when, after a couple of days of steady rain, the weather broke, we all got out and worked feverishly. The most easily accessible wood was Douglas fir and redwood slash—large pieces of trees left behind for one reason or another by logging operations. The problem with this wood was that it was now good and wet from the rain. But we had no choice, so we took it.

Now, as I've mentioned, wet redwood will not burn, and the weather didn't stay clear long enough for it to dry out. So I devised a system. Rationing carefully, I'd start a fire with a few sticks of the dwindling supply of dry wood. On top of the stove, I'd pile up criss-cross stacks of split pieces of wet wood until they dried out enough to add to the fire. After feeding in the dry pieces, I'd pile more wet wood onto the stove. The dry pieces kept the fire going just long enough to dry the wet pile, which in turn would keep the fire going to dry more wet wood to keep the fire going to dry more wood to keep the fire going... *ad absurdum*. You get the picture.

The stove was always piled high with these steaming stacks of wet redwood and fir, as I strove to stay abreast and keep the fire alive. If all this sounds grim, it really wasn't. We were pioneers. We hauled our own water, used kerosene lamps for lighting, and burned wood for cooking and heating. We chose this way of life, and we did the best we could.

Some did better than others, of course. Some of the veterans who'd been around for a year or two had learned the importance of laying in a good supply of firewood in the summer; a few of these industrious types actually managed to stock enough wood for the entire winter. On the other end of the scale were those of us who were continually scrambling for wood and the whole rainy season. For the latter group, our social lives became centered around firewood. When your supply got perilously low, and you were in danger of running out before the current set of storms blew over, you'd try to do as much visiting as possible, and thereby avoid further depleting your stash. "Let's go over to so-and-so's and burn their wood," was a commonly-heard proposal among the wood-poor.

Among the most recalcitrant of these were the O'Farrells. Jack O'Farrell was a glass blower, and one of those people who is totally consumed by his craft. It seemed like he spent most of his time and energy on the planning and perfecting of kilns—they were always either blowing up on him or not quite meeting his exacting standards. Occasionally he would actually get as far as blowing a few pieces of glass, and they were always exquisite, but mostly he built kilns. As a result, he had no time for so mundane a task as gathering firewood.

In the O'Farrell household, the firewood was provided by Jack's wife Sally. A gentle woman with the patience of a saint and the strength of an ox, she would drive the family's VW station wagon down to Big

River beach, and schlepp huge pieces of driftwood through the sand until the car was loaded down as far as it could go. (There was plenty of wood on the beaches, but most people shunned this source since the grains of sand that became embedded in the logs would dull the teeth of a chain saw in nothing flat.)

As the winter wore on, good wood became increasingly scarce. I had long since burned up every scrap left over from building my shack. Many times I stopped along the side of the road to pick up a limb that had blown down in a recent storm. Like so many others, I'd learned to be on the constant lookout for anything that could be burned; every stick became potential firewood. As consuming a concern as firewood was, however, and as inventive as we'd become at locating sources, nothing could have prepared me for the scene I witnessed one afternoon at the O'Farrells.

It was one of those days when the rain came in two modes—hard and harder. We'd been besieged by a series of storms which lasted two weeks and left many of us really hurting for firewood. As much as I hated to go anywhere on such a day, my wood stores were so low that I had to go visiting or else face the unpleasant prospect of burning up the last of my supply.

I spent the day hanging out with various friends in town and, passing the O'Farrell's place on the way home, I decided on impulse to stop and say hello. The O'Farrells rented a large, old farmhouse that had seen better days. The floors sloped, the roof leaked and the drafts blew in around the doors and windows. It must have once been an elegant place, but it was now going downhill fast. (It was still a mansion compared to my humble abode.) The drafts and the paucity of firewood combined to give the house something of a chilly, dank feeling, but the good-natured friendliness of the inhabitants offset the cold and damp. It was always pleasant to visit with the O'Farrells.

I parked in front, and as I dashed through the downpour, I heard the sound of a chain saw coming from behind the house. Letting myself in the front door, I was struck by the uncharacteristic warmth inside. Sally was puttering about the kitchen, preparing dinner. She was humming contentedly to herself, obviously feeling good. The sound of the saw out back continued. "It's nice and warm in here," I said. "Did you get a bunch of firewood?" She smiled sweetly and pointed to the back door, silently encouraging me to go outside and take a look.

I opened the door, and my mouth dropped open: there were Jack and two of our mutual friends working merrily and busily at tearing down and sawing up what was left of the back steps and porch. I stared in amazement, appalled, as they worked with great animation and exuberance, like some crew of maniacal elves; if they'd been singing "Hi Ho, Hi Ho, It's Off to Work We Go," it couldn't have been more appropriate. They greeted me cheerfully, and invited me to help. I shrugged, loaded my arms with wood and carried it in. Once again I noticed how warm and cozy it was inside. Sally smiled and showed me where to stack the wood. She invited me to stay for dinner. I accepted, and went out to get another armful of wood.

Dinner was great, and the house was warm. "That porch was getting rotten, anyway," said Jack in between mouthfuls. "We'll build a new one next summer." Everyone murmured in agreement.

Driving home, I congratulated myself on getting through the day without burning any wood. I also considered myself fortunate to have been in on what had to be one of the zanier episodes of the entire winter.

As I made my way down the path to my shack in the rain and the dark, I was brought down by the reality of being home, knowing I'd have to light a fire and use some of my remaining bit of wood to warm the place up and dry it out enough to go to bed. I had an attack of anxiety as I wondered how I would ever be able to replace those precious oxidized pieces.

I reached the platform. I put my foot on the bottom step of the small staircase that led up to my plastic palace... and suddenly, in a blinding moment of inspired insight, I knew where my next bit of wood was coming from.

'60s poster art speaks in secret alphabets to the '80s head.

PSYCH-OUT!

THE FIRST PSYCHEDELIC EXPLOSION WAS EXACTLY THAT.

It came on so fast that it took the world's breath away. At the start of 1966, even in the big cities of Europe and America, there was not much more than a handful of teenage bohemians, dressed up like Brian Jones in his prime. By the end of 1967, there were hippies everywhere. Mass migrations meandered across the planet, and the reek of patchouli had reached all but the most remote backwater. Everyone who'd been saying for years that civilization was going to hell in a handbasket had their wildest fears confirmed. ● Beyond the actual kids out on the street, with their hair and their clothes and the weird music that had started coming out of the radio, what confused the regular citizens the most was psychedelic advertising. As soon as there were psychedelic bands and psychedelic nightclubs for them to play in, the psychedelic poster came into being. Suddenly blank walls and boarded-up shop fronts became a riot of color. Where once there had only been conventional movie posters and stark black and red typography announcing boxing or wrestling matches, there were now swirls of violent and vibrating color. ● The psychedelic graphic artist asked two basic questions. Was it possible to get high by simply staring at something? Was it possible to reproduce in print the kinds of hallucinations that

were induced by the newly popular psychedelic drugs? The lightshow artists working in the rock clubs were already approximating acid visions with randomly evolving oil-and-water slides beamed through high-powered projectors. Print, however, was a different matter, with its own advantages and its own limitations. Just a couple of years earlier, the op-art movement had been sufficiently successful in disturbing the senses with jittering juxtapositions of color and broad tricks of black-and-white perspective for its more obvious styles to become a wild branch of mod fashion. ● Psychedelic art was considerably more complicated. In tune with both the times and the drugs of the time, the graphic artists wanted not only visual effects and optical tricks but also content. To this end, they looted an enormous spectrum of sources and influences. While the rock musicians were co-opting sitars and string quartets, the graphic designers pillaged Hindu sacred prints for their six-armed goddesses, and Buddhist tantric art for their wheels-within-wheels-within-wheels mandalas. At a totally different extreme, the slightly sinister and perversely erotic images from art nouveau provided a solid central foundation. Letterforms were taken from custom-car paint jobs, and still more pop images were borrowed from science-

fiction illustrations and comic books. (In their turn, the comic-book artists like Steve Ditko, Jack Kirby and Jim Steranko borrowed right back again to produce the first quasi-psychedelic comics like Doctor Strange and The Silver Surfer.) ● About the only area that was, for the most part, deliberately ignored by these '60s designers was that of regular commercial art. Where pop artists like Andy Warhol and Roy Lichtenstein had reveled in images derived from packaging and advertising, the hippies completely rejected them. Madison Avenue, the propaganda machine of the material world, was the voice of the enemy, and they wanted no part of its outpourings. Even its principle of hard-selling a product was tossed aside. Where straight advertising screamed at you, the psychedelic poster was inscrutable, even impenetrable. If you couldn't figure out the message, you probably didn't need it anyway. Even those in the know could easily stand for some minutes trying to decipher the time, the date and maybe even the names of the bands in a Rick Griffin poster for the Fillmore or the old Avalon Ballroom. ● When Jim Morrison sang the line "speak in secret alphabets," the poster artists knew just what he was talking about. They were doing exactly that. ● MICK FARREN



The Celestial Synapse

● WILLIAM MEYERS

ONE OF THE MOST COSMOLOGICALLY SIGNIFICANT ROCK

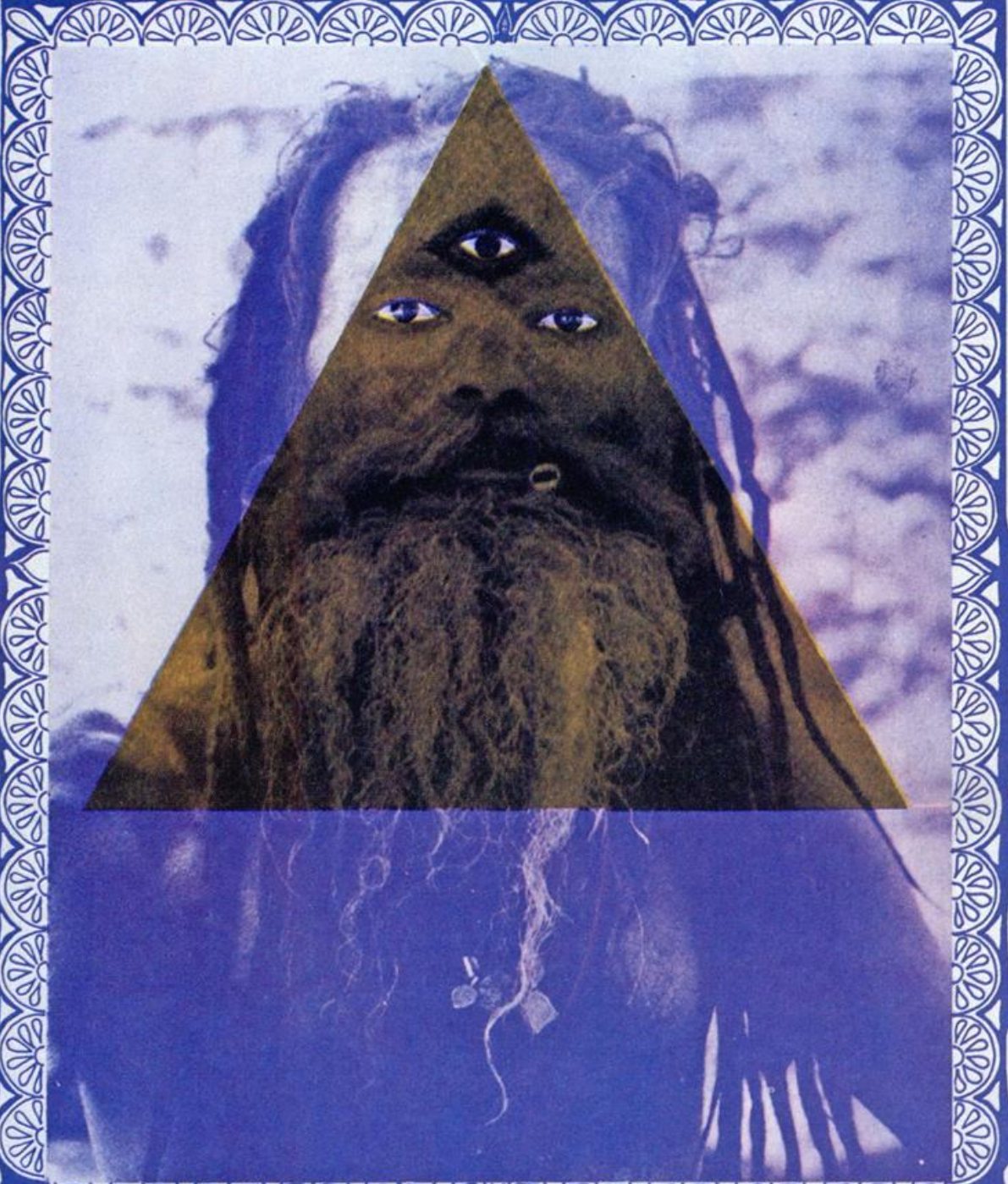
concerts of the psychedelic era was *The Celestial Synapse*, which took place in San Francisco in the spring of 1968, at the Family Dog Ballroom. The poster for it, which was omnipresent around the Bay for a few weeks, depicted an exploding neuron in scintillating blue and silver, with a screened and superimposed, reddish-orange mushroom cloud looming in the background. In the bulging, almost bursting lettering in silver and purple with red drop-shadow, you could just manage to make out the names of the three group heads sponsoring the event—the One Class, the Alchemy commune (or the Foundation for Psychic Progress), and the already world-famous acid-rock band, the Living End.

The overamped neuron, with its concomitant synaptic flash, was a phenomenon familiar to all three collective entities: Everyone involved had had his nervous system fused out and re-wired—probably at first by pure LSD-25, then eventually a host of other things, psychoatomic and otherwise. The One Class was the group most dedicated to tripping, by common agreement dropping acid more or less every weekend, then meeting on Monday nights to discuss each other's experiences—amidst a lot of telepathic



continued on page 74

SATURDAY JANUARY 14, 1967 1-5 PM
A GATHERING OF THE TRIBES FOR A HUMAN BE-IN



ALLEN GINSBERG TIMOTHY LEARY
RICHARD ALPERT MICHAEL JERRY RUBEN
DICK GREGORY MICHAEL GARY SNYDER
JACK WEINBURG **FREE** LENORE KONDEL
ALL S.F. ROCK GROUPS
AT THE POLO FIELD - GOLDEN GATE PARK

BRING FOOD TO SHARE. BRING FLOWERS, BEADS, COSTUMES, FEATHERS, BELLS, CYMBALS, FLAGS.

FRI 01/19/86 \$2.50

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WESTERN

DENVER

WARTAIN BEEHEART

DANCE & HIS MAGIC BAND FRI SAT CONCERT

TICKET OUTLETS: DENVER: BRILLIO WORKS (2431 S. UNIVERSITY BLVD), POSTERS & THINGS (1215-15TH, LARIMER SQUARE), HOBBIT BOOK SHOP, LTD (309 COLUMBINE, CHERRY CREEK), DENVER FOLKLORE CENTER (608 E. 17TH AV), BOB OWENS KUSTOM MUSIC CO. (6403 E. COLFAX), JERRY'S BOOK STORE (COLFAX & BROADWAY). BOULDER: CLANCY'S BOOK SHOP (1322 COLLEGE), PHANTASMOGORIA (1310 COLLEGE)

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● PREVIOUS PAGE:

The San Francisco Human Be-In of January, 1967 was one of the first events at which the media discovered the flower children and began to tell the world about them. The major motifs of the posters were the twin, hippie-mystic preoccupations, the pyramid and the third eye. Designer Stanley Mouse would go on to be a major force in the graphic art of the San Francisco rock culture.

● LEFT: This design by Schnepf for a Doors concert at the Avalon Ballroom was a typical sunburst of color from the commercial psychedelia of the fall of 1967.

● RIGHT: The art of the psychedelic poster wasn't confined to San Francisco or even California. In Detroit, the somewhat more pop approach of Carl Lundgren was used in publicity for the Grande Ballroom.

● NEXT PAGE LEFT: Martin Sharp was an Australian artist working in London at the end of the '60s. His work appeared extensively in the legendary *OZ* magazine, and in this poster for London's UFO club.

● NEXT PAGE RIGHT: Rick Griffin's combination of cartoon forms, science fiction images and almost indecipherable lettering made him the Dean of Psychedelic Art. (Figure out the headline band for yourself.) He would later work extensively on cover art for the Grateful Dead. ●





★ ROUNDHOUSE
★ UFO.

SEPT
22

DANTALIANS CHARIOT

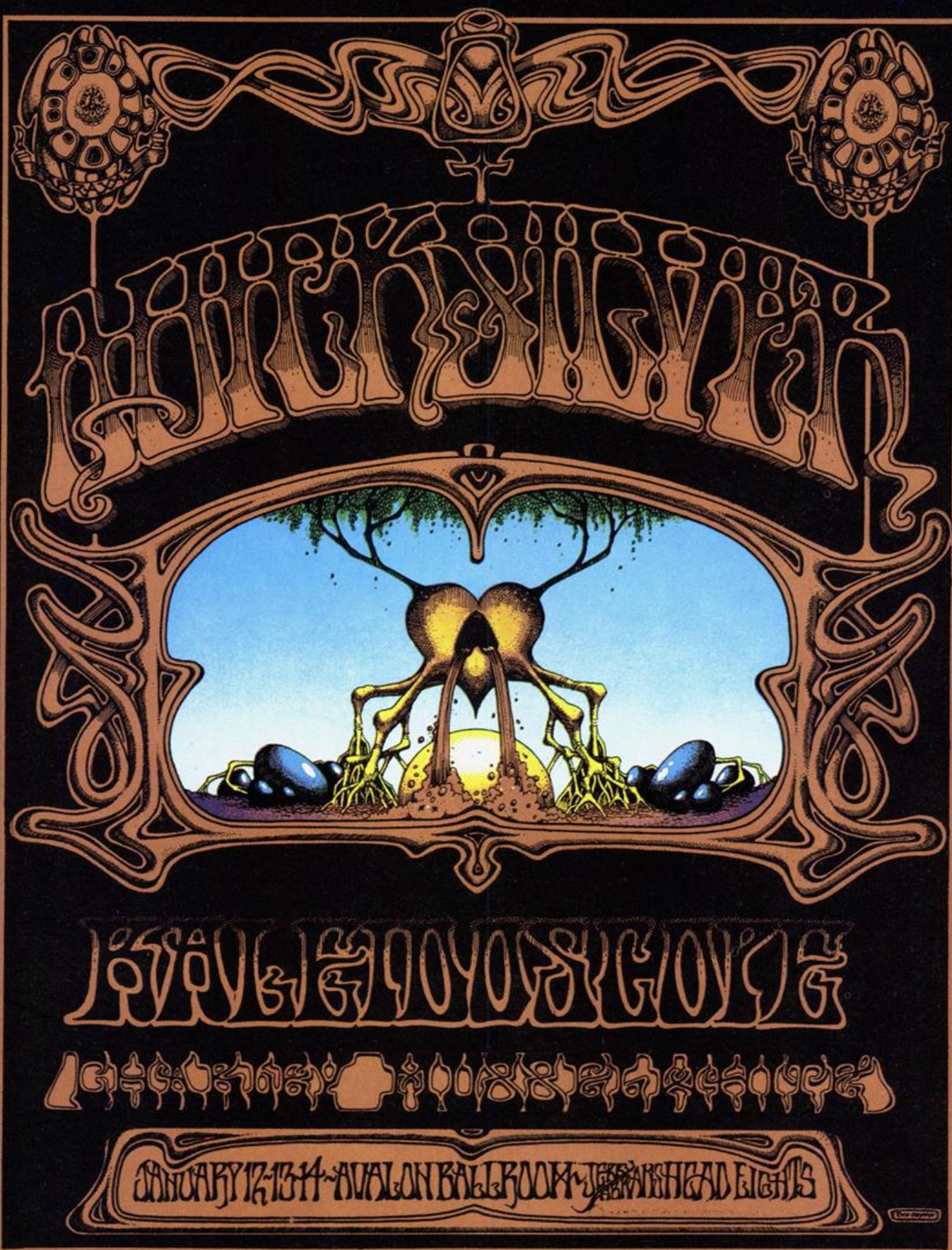
WITH ZOOT MONEY AND HIS LIGHT SHOW

29th SEPT THE SOCIAL DEVIANTS

THE EXPLODING GALAXY

JEFF BECK ★ TEN YEARS AFTER

mark boyles NEW AND contessa
sensual laboratory veronica



TICKET OUTLETS: SAN FRANCISCO: MNASIDIKA (NAUGHT-ASHBURY), CITY LIGHTS BOOKS (NORTH BEACH), THE TOWN SQUIRE (1318 POLK). BERKELEY: DISCOUNT RECORDS. SAUSALITO: TIDE'S BOOKSTORE. REDWOOD CITY: REDWOOD HOUSE OF MUSIC (700 WINGLOW). SAN MATEO: TOWN & COUNTRY MUSIC CENTER (4TH & EL CAMINO). LA MEN CAMERAS & MUSIC (HILLSDALE AT 19TH). MENLO PARK: KEPLER'S BOOKS & MAGAZINES (825 EL CAMINO). SAN JOSE: DISCORAMA (235 SO. FIRST ST)

NAUGHT

© HER FAMILY DOG PRODUCTIONS 639 GOUGH ST., San Francisco, Calif 94102



● "Since cannabis is illegal, there is no centralized facility for registering names. To catalog each strain, cultivators give each one a personal identity. For example, the best plants from a crop of *cannabis indica* variety *Afghani* become the "Big Mama" strain..."
—From *Pot's in a Name*, p. 36



PLANT
1ST GENERATION
THAI
AFGANI
CHILE
MEX



● KIELY JENKINS TRIED HIS BEST TO MAKE SERIOUS ART IN COLLEGE, BUT HIS HEART JUST WASN'T IN IT. HE WAS MUCH MORE INTERESTED IN SCULPTING SMALL CLAY PEOPLE WITH LONG, FLOPPY TONGUES AND BULGING BLOODSHOT EYES—WORK THAT WAS CLEARLY INFLUENCED BY HIS TWO FAVORITE ILLUSTRATORS: *MAD* MAGAZINE CARTOONIST DON MARTIN AND CALIFORNIA CAR CUSTOMIZER ED “BIG DADDY” ROTH. JENKINS ASSUMED HIS TEACHERS WOULDN'T APPROVE OF SUCH A WARPED SENSIBILITY. HE WAS WRONG.

art fink

“There’s nothing I hated worse than a big bag of wind yammering on about ‘Art,’” he says. “I had one class called ‘Ideas in Art,’ where everyone just bullshitted. It was so boring that I kept falling asleep.” Instead, Jenkins began expanding his clay figures and building elaborate environments to house them. Before long, he was handing in this work for class assignments. “Half the people hated the stuff,” he recalls, “but the other half really liked it.” He ended up graduating with honors.

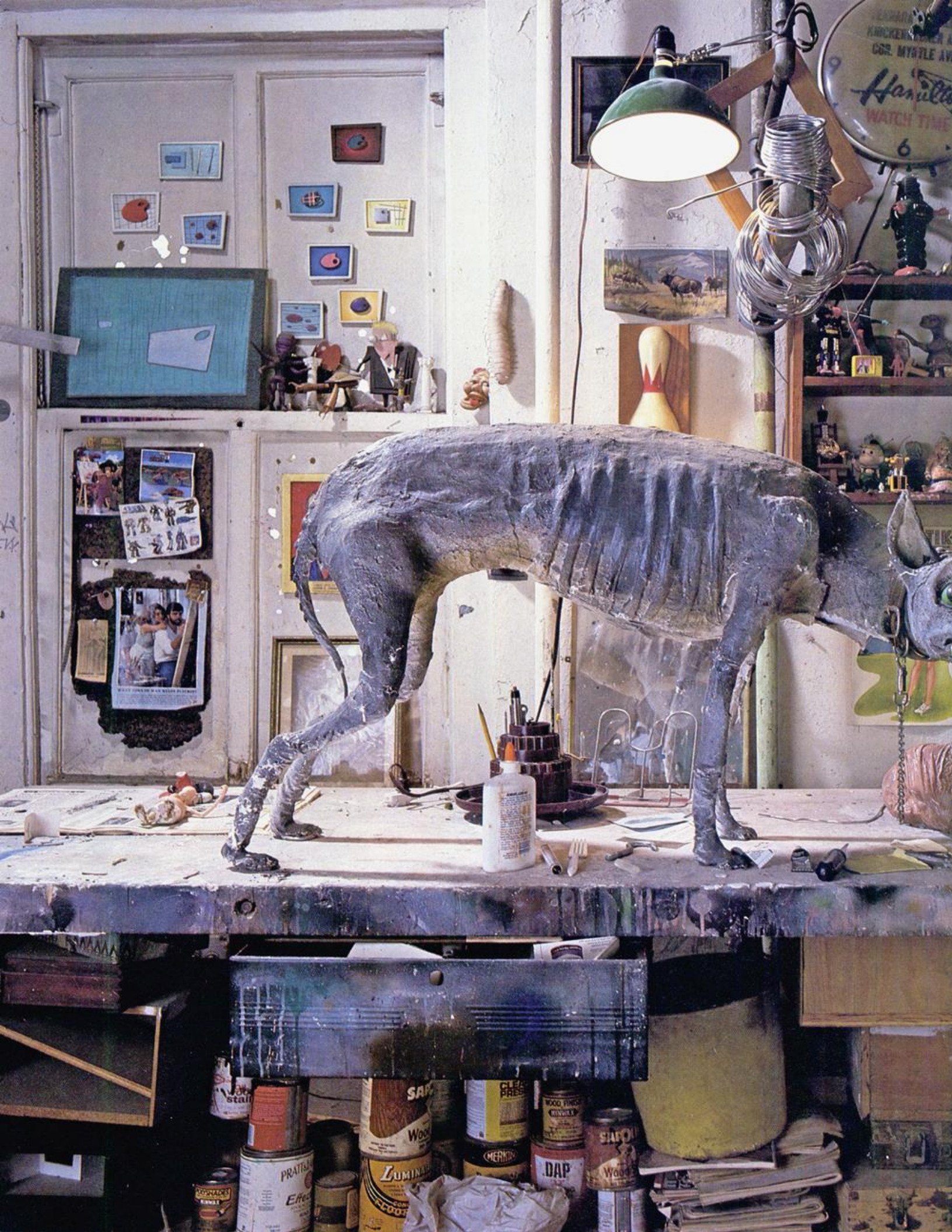
The following year Jenkins was accepted into the newly-established Fun Gallery, which was founded by underground film star Patti Astor and Bill Stelling in 1981. More than any other gallery, the Fun created the East Village art scene as it exists today. Even so, the gallery hobbled along for several years, never making much money, until it eventually closed last summer, a victim of the gentrification that has transformed a



● “I like entertainment in art,” says Jenkins. The artist’s “Hall of Infamy” includes a bust of boxing promoter/impresario Don King.









● *Jenkins*

was so

committed

to Mad

magazine

that he

had a pet

monkey named

Alfred E.

Neuman...

former impoverished ghetto into a highly-priced neighborhood filled with trendy boutiques, expensive restaurants and countless chic art galleries. Fortunately, by the time this happened, Jenkins had established himself as one of the hottest—and funniest—artists in New York. For the last two years he has been practicing a sort of madcap taxidermy—creating demented-looking dogs, fish, rats and other creatures, as well as an occasional spoof on a real-life celebrity. “Jenkins’ critters are hysterically maladjusted cripples and weirdos who inhabit the romantic twilight of late-night bars and 24-hour diners,” wrote critic Thomas Lawson in *Art Forum*.

When I caught up with Jenkins, he was puttering around his studio on the corner of East 7th Street and Avenue A, busily repairing a large, emaciated dog who was hungrily poised over a box of garbage. With his bulging eyes and four-inch string of plastic drool hanging from his mouth, the dog was

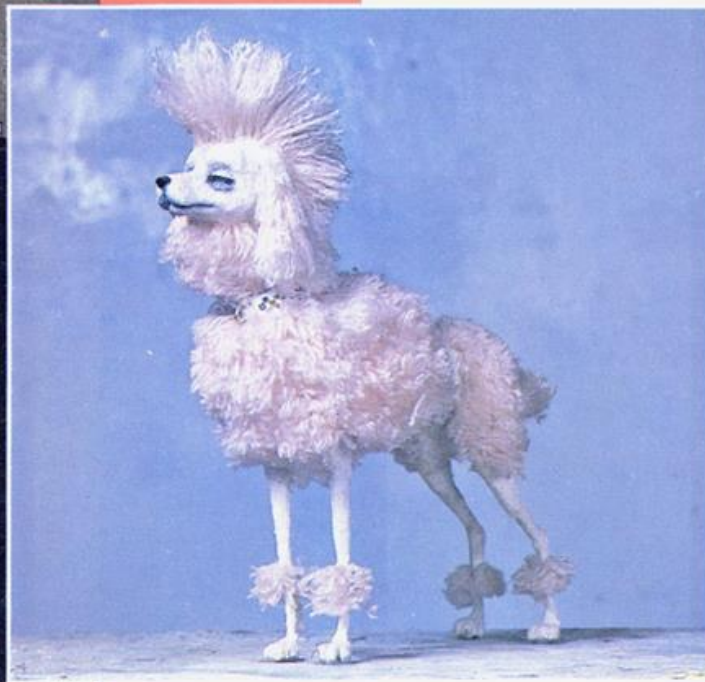
an unmistakable Jenkins creation. The artist, who is friendly and affable, and a non-stop talker, was wearing a baseball cap with a golf-club insignia, a Rat Fink T-shirt and a pair of soiled chinos. A large, silver medallion hung from his neck. The medallion, he explained, was a memento from a recent trip to Caesar’s Palace in Las Vegas.

Born on May 22, 1959, Jenkins grew up on New York’s Upper West Side. His father, now living in California, edits Japanese cartoons, and his mother is a retired toy designer and travel writer. I asked him what his childhood was like. “I was a regular numbskull, like everyone else,” he said. “I had long hair, hung out in Central Park and went to Grateful Dead concerts. I also had a pet monkey named Alfred E. Neuman, so I was totally committed to *Mad*. Every summer, my mother took us traveling. We went to Iceland, Scotland, Russia, Easter Island, Chile, India, Antarctica and Australia. I’m a seven-continents kind of guy.”

Jenkins’ great passion as a child, however, was collecting G.I. Joe dolls, which he frequently orchestrated into epic battle scenes. Later on, he began customizing the dolls and starring them in homemade animated movies. He still has over 30 of them in his collection, one of which stands proudly on a shelf in his studio. The doll has a close-cropped haircut, well-trimmed mustache, and wears several fake gold chains around his neck. “He’s a disco animal,” explained Jenkins. “Once I put a trench coat on him and made a dick out of silly putty and he went around flashing at Barbie dolls. The original G.I. Joes were so funny—they looked like gay clones, with real hair and everything. Now they’re a lot smaller and made of plastic. How they can call these new ones G.I. Joes, I’ll never know.”

Besides making animated films, Jenkins spent his teenage years hanging out with the local graffiti writers, the most famous of which was

continued on page 62



● Jenkins’ critters are life-size plaster and wire exhibits, satiric pseudo-“trophies” of emaciated, pop-eyed, drooling mongrels and punky-pink, posing poodles.



BIG BOSSES' GUIDE TO PISS TESTS

Amphetamines • Barbiturates
• Benzodiazepines • Glutethimide •
Cocaine • Codeine • Hydromorphone
• Meperidine • Methadone •
Methaqualone • Pentazocine • Quinine
• Phenothiazines • Tricyclics •
Morphine • Phencyclidine

In this employer's guide to urinalysis, Executive Almighty Editor DEAN LATIMER hips executives everywhere to the practical uses of drug-testing.

Urinalysis testing for drugs in "work-place" situations is now a confident, burgeoning, multi-million-dollar industry. Just five years ago, in 1980, we employers were largely uncertain about the new drug-urinalysis equipment which was becoming commercially available. We were unsure of whether it would be legal to routinely scan our employees' urine for even such notorious illicit drugs as marijuana, heroin or cocaine. While we were all intensely interested to know which of our employees might be abusing such notorious substances, many of us held back prudently from the headlong plunge into urinalysis for drugs. Those of us who were aware of the appalling unreliability of these new urinalysis devices [see "The Golden Swindle," *HIGH TIMES*, Nov., '82] were particularly weaselly about it. What was the likelihood of being sued by disgruntled ex-employees and job applicants for invasion of privacy, discriminatory hiring and employment practices, slander and defamation? Even if just one in a hundred employees might have the brains and the means to hire attorneys and bring their employers into court over urinalysis policies, would the inevitable rise in our corporate liability-insurance rates be commensurate with the advantages of fingering every potsmoker and junkie and coke-tooter on staff (along with the inadvertent number of "false positive" test victims)? Mightn't it all get terribly messy and expensive in the short run?

Well, the short run's over now. Thousands and probably tens of thousands of employees and job applicants have been sacked on the grounds of "illicit" drug-positive results since 1980, and hardly any of them have dared to go into court or labor arbitration as "alleged illicit-drugs abusers." The occasional litigation has been messy and expensive, but large private and municipal corporations have footed the legal bills manfully. Thanks to these champions of American industrial initiative, it's now both feasible and economical for small private employers of all sorts to go snooping into our employees' bladders

for any drugs at all.

It's wonderfully simple now. Laboratory-service companies everywhere nowadays are outfitted with standard "quick-and-dirty" drug-urinalysis devices: either the EMIT line of enzyme-immune assays from the Syntex/Syva Corporation of Palo Alto, California, or the Roche Abuscreen radio-immune series from Roche Diagnostics of Research Triangle Park, North Carolina. Either one of these simple devices can quickly scan a urine sample for the presence of nearly a score of different drugs, from "abusables" like marijuana to standard medications like Dilantin, prescribed daily for epilepsy. The tests take only moments to perform, and cost less than \$1.50 apiece. Merely by entering into a standard full-service contract with a local lab outfitted with the Syntex/Syva or Roche urine-test lines, any employer can now enjoy total surveillance of his employees' on-or-off-the-job drug use—illicit or prescription—for pennies a week. It doesn't matter if you run a shoe store or a taxi stand or a dope magazine or the Department of Defense; there is no law that says we *can't* do this to our employees, anywhere in the United States.

And that's what we can tell our epileptic employees when we fire them now for "using" Dilantin, or our psychiatric patients when we sack them for their neuroleptics

and tricyclic antidepressants. There's no law that says we *can't* do that. And if all those epileptics and psychiatric patients suddenly get all indignant and activist, hiring lawyers to mount messy class-action lawsuits and other such pathetic bleeding-heart dodges, we can all just show them that November '82 issue of HIGH TIMES. HIGH TIMES guaranteed way back then that we employers would shortly be going after peoples' prescription drugs in their bladders, after establishing wholesale, routine urinalysis programs under this ultra-righteous "drug abuse" pretext. If employers can go after people who are only *presumably* "impaired" by their use of recreational drugs, then we can sure as hell go after people who are so impaired to *begin* with, by organic neurological or psychiatric disease, that they need tell-tale prescription drugs just to function with any semblance of normality.

Dr. Robert DuPont, noted phobia specialist and chairman of the American Council on Drug Education, personal advisor to President and Nancy Reagan, has been the most committed and eloquent promoter of routine workplace drug-urine testing all through the '80s. Dr. DuPont says his goal is to ensure that every employee and student in America is totally "free" of any drug, prescription or otherwise, when that person "presents" for work or school. And although he has taken money in the past from the industrial produc-

ers of commercial drug-urinalysis devices, DuPont has thoroughly "soundproofed" himself against any crass accusation of working as a shill for Syntex/Syva or Roche Diagnostics. The money went to his erstwhile charitable "antidrug" outfit, the American Council on Marijuana, which afterward altered its acronym to the American Council on Drug Education.

Dr. DuPont should stand as an inspiration to us all, as employers interested in our employees' drug use. Each one of us can "soundproof" himself from potential piss-test liability just as easily. Once you've determined by routine urinalysis that your employee can be branded as an epileptic or a depressive or a schizophrenic—or a potsmoker, or a junkie, or an arthritic or a potential cardiac risk—then you just think up some *other* reason to fire the poor loser.

That's how the Metropolitan Transit Authority here in New York works it, and it's the MTA's illuminating list of urinalysis target drugs which furnishes the basis of this Employer's Guide to Urinalysis Testing, courtesy of the Management of HIGH TIMES Magazine.

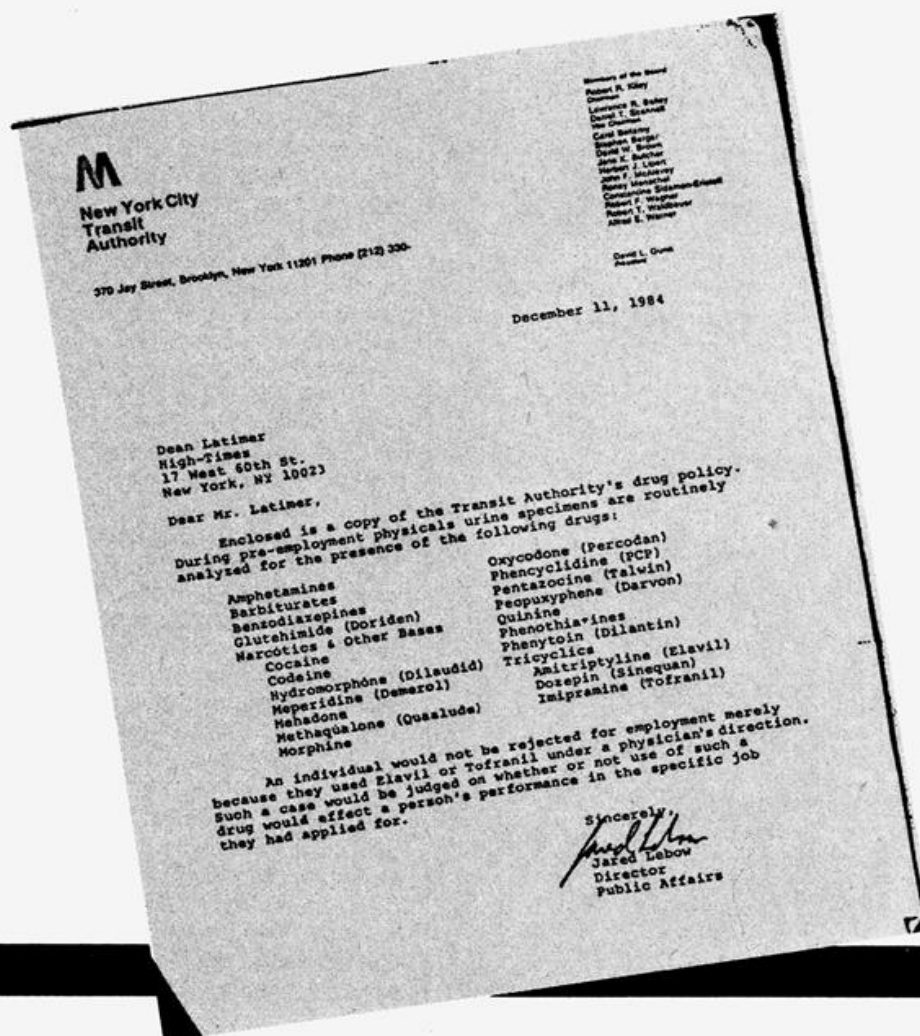
AN EMPLOYER'S GUIDE TO URINALYSIS

● **Amphetamines** ("speed," *Benzedrine, Dexedrine, Desoxyn, Dexamyl, etc.*): Methamphetamine and amphetamine. Rarely legally prescribed nowadays, but still given out for treatment of depression sometimes. A person with amphetamine in his urine is very likely to be breaking the law, either by scoring bathtub "crank," or by patronizing an illegally prescribing "script doctor."

Basic commercial urine tests, however—radioimmunoassays (RIAs) and enzyme-immunoassays like the EMIT—can't distinguish reliably between "amphetamine" traces in urine and traces of phenylpropanolamine (PPA), a decongestant employed in dozens of over-the-counter cough, hayfever, and weight-loss patent drugstore medicines. There is simply no way to tell PPA decongestants from "speed" in urine with these standard urinalysis machines. Employers have been in real trouble over this in the past, brought by people who were fired for "speed" when they were only taking Contac, and employees will get in trouble over it in the future.

● **Barbiturates** ("Tranks"): Tuinol, Seconal, phenobarbital, etc. Rarely prescribed legally nowadays, but still available for treatment of back pain, insomnia, or acute anxiety states. People with barbiturate traces in their urine are very likely to be patronizing an illegal "script" doctor. Alternatively, they may be undergoing a brief, three-week course of clinic-outpatient detoxification from dependence on alcohol, heroin, methaqualone, or from addiction to other barbiturates.

Phenobarbital, a barbiturate, is also frequently combined with Dilantin (see "phenytoin") as an adjunct medication in the



long-term control of epilepsy. Since phenobarbital has never been very much in demand as a street-market trunk, (most trunk fanciers preferring Seconal or Tuinal), a phenobarbital "positive" very likely indicates that the urine donor is epileptic. It is undeniably in the interest of employers to know of any employees who may be heroin addicts or alcoholics or epileptics.

● **Benzodiazepines** ("Mother's Little Helpers"): Valium, Librium, Ativan, etc. These are minor antidepressants, prescribed to millions of people every year for various anxiety states. Some people are prescribed benzodiazepines for only short terms, to cope (for example) with a death in the family, divorce, or other sudden emotional trauma. Other people are prescribed these antidepressants for the long-term treatment of chronic anxiety states—for "neurosis," as it used to be called. Others receive them for the alleviation of muscle pain and spasm, and may do benzodiazepines regularly, or only whenever their spasmodic afflictions recur, for as long as the discomfort lasts. Detoxifying alcoholics and heroin addicts are often prescribed benzodiazepines for periods of a month or less, by clinic physicians, as outpatient medications. Benzodiazepines are also available on the "street" market, though they're not wildly popular among the general "abuser" population; "abusers" tend to keep a "stash" of benzodiazepines handy, for whenever they run out of their preferred drugs of abuse, or whenever their complicated lifestyles involve them in acute anxiety states.

● **Glutethimide** (with codeine, "Loads" or "Doors"): Doriden. Prescribed for chronic insomnia. This is a "piperadionine" drug, meaning it has effects similar to heroin in some ways, and to phencyclidine in other ways. Mainly, it makes people so groggy and numb they tend to go to sleep. However, if Doriden pills are ground up into fine powder and mixed in water with any codeine-containing cough medication, and the whole witch's brew is fixed up intravenously with a hypodermic, the abuser dependably enjoys a "rush" similar to a heroin rush. The presence of glutethimide metabolites in an employee's urine sample means either that the employee is a junkie desperately squeaking through a drought of street heroin, or that the employee's having trouble sleeping at night.

It might also mean the employee's permanently disabled, if the guy's really been shooting crushed-up Doriden pills. Very little of a Doriden tablet really consists of pure glutethimide; most of it is celluloid filler. After the abuser has fixed up celluloid particles into his or her bloodstream, the stuff never goes away; it collects in the eyeball fluid, in the liver, in the brain and various other parts of the body, and stays there forever. This also happens when abusers crush up tablets of Talwin (see pentazocine) along with little blue PBZ tripeleminamine antihistamine tablets. People shoot this combination—"T's and Blues," it's called—for the

Employers should consult a sober attorney after listening to "drug-abuse experts."

same reason they shoot Doriden and cough syrup, and they all wind up with celluloid particles permanently in their bodies.

● **Cocaine** ("White lady," "snort," "Atahualpa marching powder"): Cocaine. Although technically cocaine is prescribable by physicians, as a Schedule Two Controlled Substance, in practice this virtually never happens outside of hospitals. Cocaine is a superb topical anesthetic for anal hemorrhoids and for quick surgical operations in the region of the eyes, ears, nose and throat. However, non-psychoactive topical anesthetics such as lidocaine and procaine are equally efficacious for most of these uses, and so cocaine is virtually never prescribed for any reason by doctors in the United States.

The presence of cocaine's end-product "metabolites" in any employee's urine, therefore, *ought* to be a dead giveaway that the employee has broken the law, at least. Unfortunately, conventional RIA and EMIT urinalysis devices can't reliably discriminate "cocaine" from PPA decongestants, or from a whole host of other perfectly "legal" urinary metabolites. To make things worse, these RIAs and EMITs don't even look for "cocaine" itself, but for its wholly non-psychoactive metabolite, *benzoylecognine*. While the confirmed presence of benzoylecognine in urine is a pretty good indication that the urine donor has been previously exposed to cocaine (anywhere within the last three to five days), the mere confirmed presence of benzoylecognine in urine can't demonstrate that the urine donor was ever measurably *impaired* by cocaine, on or off the job. These piddling distinctions become very important after an employer is brought into court. Employers should really inquire closely into this potential problem, before putting their liability insurance on the line. After listening to the glowing recommendations of "drug-abuse experts" hawking their glittering, brand-new, expensive piss-test technology, that is, an employer should really consult a sober attorney experienced in labor-management litigation.

● **Codeine** ("cough syrup"): Codeine. Prescribed by doctors and dentists for all varieties of painful disorders, from toothache to headache to post-operative stitch pain. Codeine is an excellent painkiller with mild sedative, and even mildly euphoric, side effects. In fact, it's an "opiate alkaloid," isolated from opium poppy-gum along with morphine (the active principle in heroin!). It occurs in such widely-prescribed cough medicines as Empirin with Codeine, Colerex Compound Capsules, Nucofed Expecto-rant and so on, because besides killing pain and reducing inflammation, all opiates also abolish the cough reflex. The presence of codeine in an employee's urine most likely

indicates that he or she is being treated as an outpatient for any conceivable sort of short-term, painful or respiratory disorder. However, it can also be easily construed into an accusation that the employee is "abusing" some sort of codeine-based medication, just for the sake of the agreeable euphoria. It is definitely possible to hold any employees' "use" of codeine against them, even if they've got prescriptions for the stuff. Even if the prescription is really "legitimate" (and we've all heard of "script" doctors), the employee was definitely using this drug to mask the symptoms of an illness which could very well have impaired the safety and efficiency of his or her job performance. And for as long as that person was on it, he or she was subject to codeine's sedative and euphoric side effects.

Codeine is also technically an "addictive narcotic," being so closely related to morphine and heroin. Whether or not you know what the term "addictive narcotic" really means, in medicine or in law, you can always charge the guy with using an addictive narcotic, and be legally correct.

● **Hydromorphone** ("drugstore heroin"): Dilaudid. Prescribed mainly in hospitals for severe, intractable pain conditions such as postoperative pain and terminal cancer. Dilaudid is, to all intents and purposes, synthetic heroin. It has the same painkilling effects as morphine, except that it works much more quickly, and has the same painkilling effects at a much lower dose. Not many outpatients are ever prescribed Dilaudid, although it happens from time to time.

Dilaudid traces in urine most likely indicate that your employee is a seasoned heroin addict with a connection to a sympathetic "script" doctor any time genuine, cheaper heroin is scarce on the street. Alternatively, if the guy has a prescription from a legitimate doctor, chances are good that he's suffering from some disorder so painful and complicated that he really shouldn't be working at all.

● **Meperidine** ("surgical smack"): Demerol. Furnished strictly in hospitals for the short-term abolition of intense pain, generally during surgery or after surgery. Demerol is a synthetic opiate with all the painkilling and euphoric effects of morphine or heroin, although the effects only last about a half-hour after a single dose. Generally speaking, any employee with confirmed traces of Demerol in his or her urine is pretty sure to be a junkie, or well on the way to being a junkie. Very few "street" junkies do Demerol as a regular thing, however, when real heroin's available; since a single dose of meperidine wears entirely away within one hour, and a typical addict usually has to

Everyone who goes to a doctor is the *employer* of that doctor.

shoot it up at least seven or eight times a day, instead of just two or three times, as with heroin. This can be awkward, unless one works in a place where Demerol is infinitely accessible and virtually free.

Accordingly, practicing Demerol addicts are mainly doctors and nurses and pharmacists: "impaired physicians" is the preferred euphemism in the literature of the drug-treatment industry. They exist wherever hospitals and drugstores exist, in which properly-registered individuals have effortless access to this exceedingly euphoric opiate. The oft-asked rhetorical question, "Would you want a surgeon operating on you under the influence of drugs?" is only asked by self-righteous persons ignorant of the true statistics on Demerol addiction among health-care professionals. It happens much more often than these self-righteous people would ever care to know.

Everyone who goes to a doctor is, in a very real sense, the employer of that doctor and his or her entire staff. If everyone who employed doctors would only *suggest* that they all be regularly urine-tested for Demerol and all other prescription medications, professional medical associations like the AMA might be interested in lobbying Congress for sensible regulatory legislation over the new urinalysis industry.

● **Methadone** ("Done"): Methadone. Now, we all know what *this* means, don't we? The vast majority of heroin addicts who go for treatment wind up on methadone, a synthetic opiate which abolishes their craving for heroin without getting them the least bit "high" all by itself. (Anyone who doubts this should just try a little heroin, and then a little methadone; or vice-versa.) The vast majority of methadone clients become so well-stabilized on the drug, after just a few weeks, that they then proceed to take it every day for years, betraying no indication that they're on any drug at all. An astonishing 80 percent of stabilized methadone clients never come to the attention of legal authorities even once after they're stabilized; this cuts down heroin-related "street crime" by 80 percent, coast to coast, and incidentally also allows methadone clients to appear and behave and function just like everyone in "straight" society.

Straight society, by adopting urine tests for methadone in the workplace, has already begun to put a permanent stop to this. Would it be entirely *sane* for any employer to hire a synthetic-heroin addict? Would it be sane for any employer to keep a secret synthetic-heroin addict on staff, even after years of satisfactory performance on the job?

● **Methaqualone** ("Ludes"): Quaaludes. Not prescribed anymore for any disorder at all, anywhere in the United States, since

January, 1984. Methaqualone used to be a "sedative-hypnotic" sleep-inducer which doctors prescribed for insomnia and anxiety states. It had a really swell "euphoria quotient," though, and so a lot of people took to "abusing" it, getting themselves addicted to it, going through life-threatening convulsive withdrawals without it, overdosing whenever they mixed it with alcohol, and so on. So two years ago, the Federal government moved to put it on Schedule One of the official list of Controlled Substances. Today no doctor can legally prescribe it for any ailment at all, and the Lemmon drug company of Philadelphia no longer produces their "Lemmon 714" brand of Quaalude methaqualone tablets.

The putative presence of methaqualone in urine, therefore, is a pretty good indication that your employee has broken the law by scoring "bootleg," clandestinely-manufactured counterfeit Quaaludes from criminal acquaintances. Fire the asshole, therefore—unless you suspect he's got the brains and money to hire a lawyer who can show in court that none of these piss-test machines can *really* distinguish methaqualone from Muenster cheese in urine. Unfortunately, they can do no such thing.

● **Pentazocine** (Talwin), *propoxyphene* (Darvon), *oxycodone* (Percodan): Prescribed mainly for headache and toothache pain, and other painful physical disorders. Patients invariably find these medications intensely agreeable, because besides merely killing pain, each of these "synthetic opioid drugs" has a quite respectable euphoria quotient all its own. There are people who take them for kicks, therefore, and so a Darvon or Talwin or Percodan urine-positive can always be held against any employee. Even if the guy furnishes a prescription signed by a physician, an employer can always point to lurid popular-media exposés of rampant "script"-doctor malpractice. If an employer's personal knowledge of these drugs is limited to these tabloid horror stories about "prescription mills," then they are justified in firing and denying employment to people who show up traces of these drugs in their urine.

The pop-media "investigative journalists" never mention the amusing built-in factor which keeps nearly all ordinary persons from getting hopelessly addicted to these agreeable euphorants. Besides exerting "opioid" effects, each of these synthetics also has "opiate antagonist" properties at the same time. As a person gets progressively accustomed ("tolerant") to the drug's opioid effects with regular use, and begins doubling and tripling the dose, these "antagonist" effects ordinarily manifest themselves as various states of "toxic psychosis."

After just a taste of *that*, most abusers hastily discontinue the stuff.

Not all abusers necessarily do so, however. In 1981, comedian Jerry Lewis repented to the public about his ten-year, high-dose Percodan habit, having just kicked it forever. Lewis declared that he simply could not recall many specific details from the scores of round-the-clock Muscular Dystrophy telethons he'd conducted over that time, thanks to all that Percodan he'd been doing. So even while most prurient telethon-watchers had been confidently diagnosing Jerry Lewis as a speed freak over all those years, in reality he had been enjoying the effects of toxic doses of an opioid agonist-antagonist drug. If the Muscular Dystrophy people had only initiated a drug-urinalysis policy for their performing employees early on, this could have been nipped in the bud.

● **Quinine**, (e.g., *Schweppes Tonic*, etc.): Recommended for the treatment of malaria and some respiratory ailments, and also as a flavorful adjunct to such addictive sedative-hypnotic alcohol preparations as gin, vodka, etc. Although it has absolutely no psychoactive properties, quinine happens to taste exactly like heroin, and to have exactly the same beige color and grainy texture as Number Two "brown" heroin from Mexico and Iran. Many, many years ago, cops and drug-treatment people began piss-testing suspected junkies for quinine, because a typical "street dose" of smack typically consists of 94 parts quinine to barely four parts of junk in it, tops. Quinine also persists in urine for much longer than heroin, and at much greater concentrations.

The presence of quinine in an employee's urine can certainly be construed as proof that the employee is a junkie, but it's not the *safest* construction an employer can possibly make. People who drink Schweppes Tonic (for example) every day will *always* have identifiable traces of quinine in their urine. Hardened murderers, rapists, and—yes—even drug criminals have won court cases in which they've challenged prison officials for disciplining them on the basis of quinine piss positives. There's already a good deal of piss-test case law pertaining to this particular drug, that is, and it's not encouraging to employers who want to snoop through their employees' urine.

● **Phenothiazines** ("neuroleptic medications"): Thorazine, Stelazine, etc. Prescribed by psychiatrists strictly to people with prepsychotic and psychotic mental disorders, such as chronic anxiety states and full-blown schizophrenia. Although these drugs have mild sedative effects in ordinary people, in mental patients who need them, they have absolutely no measurable effects at all. They merely work to keep these people from seeing and hearing things that aren't really there, basically. Scores of thousands of people in our society—thoroughly ordinary folks, absolutely indistinguishable from everyone else around them—would be institutionalized straitjacket cases if they

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ASK ED

BY ED ROSENTHAL

THE CURE FOR IMMATURE PLANTS

Dear Ed,

Last summer I grew a few plants in the window, and out of desperation, (when times were dry) I snipped off leaves to smoke and threw them in the microwave for about five minutes between two paper towels. When the leaves were completely dry, I'd put them in a plastic bag and crush them into a powder which made for even burning and heavy-hitting bowls of weed.

My question is: Am I losing any potency by not properly curing my herb, and if so, how should I cure the final harvest?

—Chris

Somerville, Mass.

Microwave drying does not affect the potency of the final product. However, during the curing process, pigments and starches which burn harshly are metabolized to more "smooth-burning" chemicals. For this reason, microwave-dried material smokes harsher than cured weed. You might try microwaving the material when it is half-dry to cut down total drying time. Most of the chemical changes involved in curing have taken place by then.

Dear Ed,

I grew my first mature plants under a halide. Before the buds were mature, the leaves started to burn and the buds started to dry out. Do I have the light too close? If so, how far should it be from the plants?

—Dried Out
U.S.A.

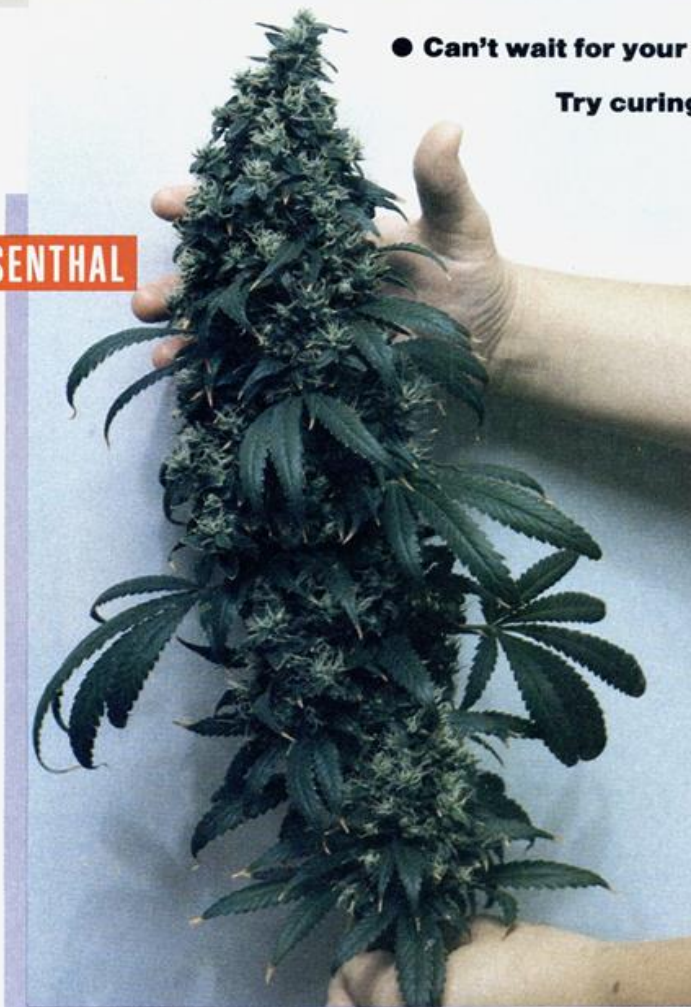
Dear Ed,

I have been reading ads for different mediums: rocks, lava, bio-dynamic compost and others. Does the medium really matter or is it the nutrients and sunlight or is it just the type of seeds?

—R.N.
North Carolina

● Can't wait for your young herb to dry?

Try curing it in a microwave.



● BUD OF THE MONTH

This bud is 115 days old from a 6'4" tall indica/sativa cross. Its weight was 21.5 grams dried and manicured.

My garden system is hydroponics using growing nutrient and switching to 10-30-18 flowering nutrient. I use a MS 1000-watt halide, negative ion generator, CO₂ system and a high-velocity air circulator (low setting) to strengthen the limbs.

This strain has by far a superior yield to any I've grown before.
—The Professor
Long Beach, Cal.

From the description you gave, the plants are drying out from extreme heat which is partially caused by the lamps. The other problem is the ambient temperature in the room, or at least near the tops.

The room could probably use more ventilation from outside so that it will cool off. The lamps should be placed no closer than two feet from the top of the plants.

The purpose of the medium is to anchor the roots, and hold the nutrients and water so that they can be utilized by the plant. Any medium which accomplishes this and also holds suitable quantities of air to the roots so that they can absorb oxygen will do. Most mediums, such as lava, ceramic beads, vermiculite-perlite and other commercial material, will do.

While the nutrients may affect the health of the plant and its growth, they seem to have little to do with its potency. Light also affects the growth of the plant and the bud, as well as its potency to an

continued on page 77



● GARDEN OF THE MONTH

Enclosed are some pictures of my '84 crop. They're fourth-generation Michigan indica hybrid. I call it Michigani.

—Krowe
The land of
Great Lakes and
Killer Weed

Futura 2000. In the early '70s, the writers became famous for illegally painting brightly-colored murals on the sides of subway cars. (See "Graffiti '80" by Glenn O'Brien, *HIGH TIMES*, June '80.) "Back in those days it was just a bunch of sick, renegade dudes who would come crawling out of manhole covers and go around writing their names all over the city," said Jenkins. "I never wrote on the trains. They tried to get me to go once, but you had to run through the subway tunnels and dodge trains. I said, 'Forget it. I'll wait here and you can tell me about it.' They used to have great meetings, though. People would show up and try to get accepted by the group. There'd always be a few hecklers. One guy started telling everyone about why he was a cool dude and no one believed him. He started crying. It was really cruel."

When he entered the School of Visual Arts in 1977,

● Jenkins' art can't keep a straight face.



Jenkins became interested in the modern art of the '20s, especially Kandinsky and Bauhaus design. But he always found it difficult to do art with a straight face. "I like entertainment in art,"

he said. "People in school couldn't figure out what I was up to. We used to have these critiques and I made a parody of a Russian couple. This real artsy guy who made big sloppy paintings and

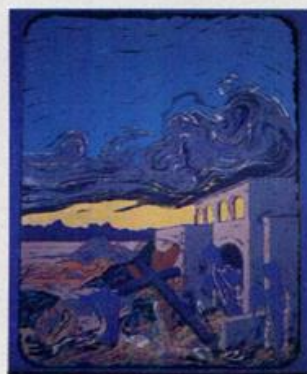
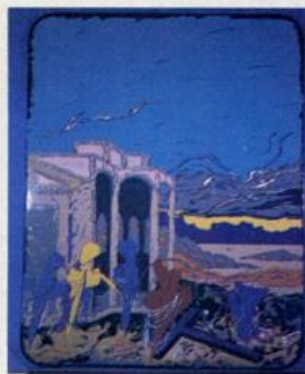
walked around in paint-spattered pants looked at my work and asked if I was a racist. 'Yeah,' I said. 'An equal-opportunity racist.'"

Jenkins' first break in the art world came in April, 1981, when his old friend Futura 2000 invited him to exhibit in a graffiti show that was being held at the now-defunct Mudd Club, the original underground rock club in New York. Jenkins made a pint-size replica of the inside of a subway car, and had several graffiti writers tag their names on it. Patti Astor loved the piece and later offered Jenkins a solo show at her gallery. The show was held long before the current East Village art boom, however, and Jenkins sold only a few pieces through the following year. He began drifting away from his satiric tableaux, and began building lifesize animals out of plaster and wire. Although the work is intended primarily for laughs, an edge of social satire remains. For example, when Jenkins creates a Scudfish of the

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STATIONS OF THE CROSS

BY PETER SANTINO



Lower Hudson, it's obvious the sickly creature has been affected by toxic pollutants. A reviewer for *Art in America* described Jenkins' 1983 show this way:

"A shellacked, wooden, rusticated sign, 'Metropolitan Wildlife Museum. No Smoking,' hung in the entrance to an enclave of the Fun Gallery. Inside, sparsely distributed specimens held a cadaverous, albeit aggressive, vigil. Wood and shinily-painted plaster, glutinous upon gauze and chicken wire, are flesh of Moose Trophy, Dog Trophy, Rat Trophy, and a chihuahua named Canisminuto. A large rat head, severed neck pressed to a wooden plaque, projects its rodent snout. Spirals painted on its popping eyeballs give it a Duchampian mien, a rodent's contemplation of the perpetual dissolution of brick to dust . . . The artist admits to the perdue influence of television, New York graffiti art and the ramifications of atomic warfare . . ."

So far, the biggest thrill of

● "Las Vegas is part of what makes America great."



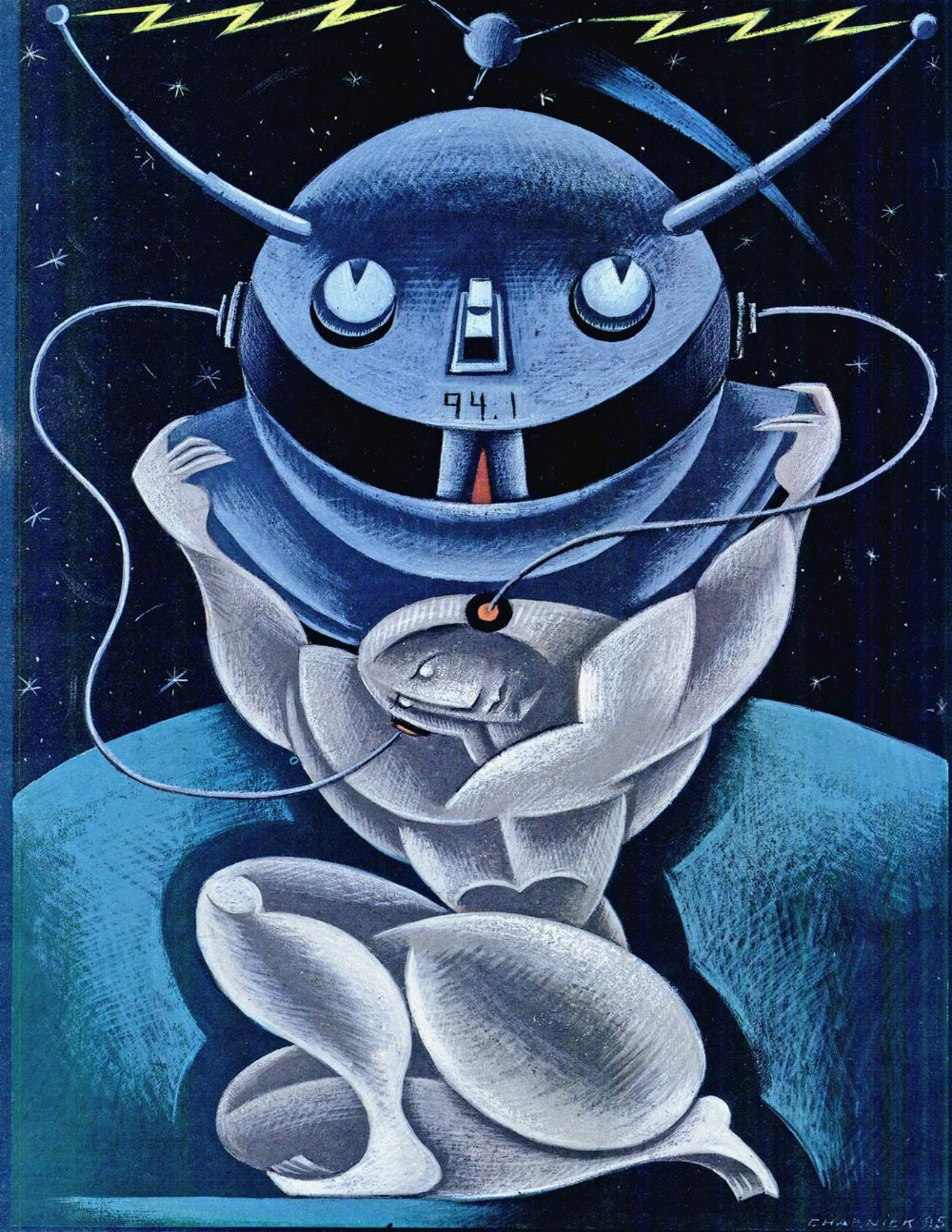
Jenkins' brief career was his meeting with "Big Daddy" Roth, who attended a recent opening of Jenkins' work in Los Angeles. "The owner of the gallery tracked him down," said Jenkins. "Roth

had been doing a lot of work pinstriping vending machines. He's a born-again Christian. I almost didn't recognize him because he'd shaved off his goatee. I asked him, 'Where's the goatee, Ed?'"

Now that the Fun Gallery has closed, a number of dealers have contacted Jenkins with offers to show his work. Although he hasn't made up his mind yet, he'll probably join a gallery outside the East Village. "When the Fun started, I don't think anyone expected to make money," he said. "I can't imagine anyone coming to the East Village today, opening a gallery and thinking they're doing anything original. Why bother? So many people have loaded on the bandwagon. I'd just as soon get out of the East Village and go someplace really hip, like Las Vegas. The city is part of what makes America great. My first trip there was a moving experience. I'd like to have a studio at the Mark Antony suite at Caesar's Palace. It's like Cleopatra's barge, with women walking around with togas serving drinks and giant statues with their arms cut off. I like it because it tries to have class, but actually has no class whatsoever." ●

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK STERN





CALIFORNIA

● GLIDING DOWN THE FM dial, past classical, jazz, soul, easy listening, all news, heavy rock and retro stations, the demographically-determined formats seamlessly slide from selection to selection until they are jarringly interrupted by the requisite corporate propaganda.

But in Northern California at KPFA 94.1, with 59,000 watts reaching out to one third of the state, there's a remarkable difference. Here, for the past 36 years, as many purveyors of air-wave banality have come and gone, KPFA has continuously broadcast its eclectic mix of radio programming, unencumbered by any messages about acne creams or car dealerships.

Non-commercial and listener-supported, KPFA revels in the freedom that kind of sponsorship allows. So, too, do its listeners, who have come to expect innovative, informative and progressive programming, and who are willing to pay for that privilege by subscribing to the station. Where else can one hear Radio Venceremos' news from the guerilla front in El Salvador? An interview with Zippy the Pinhead? A dramatic reading of Edith Wharton's "The Bunner Sisters"? A discussion with American teenagers recently returned from Nicaragua? "Sixteen Dances" by John Cage? Fruit Punch's gay men's programming? Old Radio Theater? A documentary on the Reagan administration's strategic defense initiatives? Punk music? Lectures by Alan Watts? A discussion on women's utopian visions?

In contrast to the terminally bland homogeneity of other stations, KPFA's diverse programming—90 percent locally produced—can at times seem almost schizophrenic. But that multifariousness stems from a desire to reach out to the many

groups within the community and broaden the base of support. The great variety of programming also ensures that if one doesn't like minimalist music, one can tune in later for a discussion on native American education, or listen to the weekly reggae show, or to the hour-long evening newscast which offers the most complete coverage of local, national and international news in the Bay Area, with analysis and perspectives one won't find on other stations. The regular feeds from Managua, Beirut, Johannesburg and also from the sister stations in Washington, D.C. (WPFW), New York City (WBAI), Los Angeles (KPFA) and Houston (WPFT)—which together comprise the loosely linked Pacifica network—keep KPFA listeners in direct contact with what is really going on worldwide. For a story on a contra attack in Nicaragua, KPFA talks to a member of the State Department and a local Sandinista, while other stations just read the wire copy, quoting from an "unnamed government source."

KPFA came into existence precisely as a response to dishonest and inaccurate news reporting. When pacifist journalist Lewis Hill was asked by the Washington station for which he was working to read a story he knew to be untrue, he resigned, moved out to California, and resolved to start his own radio station. Three years later, the world's first listener-supported radio station was born. Because at the time there was only one other FM station and FM receivers were scarce, the station sold sets at reduced rates to ensure listeners.

That listenership has grown tremendously since those early days. There are now 16,000 subscribers out of an audience of 100,000. And revenues—from community events and thrice yearly marathon fundraising drives—have also increased.

"For the first time we will have raised \$1 million," General Manager David Salniker proudly announced, tearing himself away from the computer for a recent interview in the Berkeley offices. "But once again," he added with a chuckle, "we'll spend more than we raise by about \$10,000."

The computer seemed almost an anomaly in an office whose sparse, thrift-store furnishings and functional decor had scarcely changed since the tumultuous days of People's Park. The different causes espoused in the myriad handbills, posters, flyers and publications filling tabletops, walls, doors and even floors, clearly showed that the time was indeed the present.

As Salniker was discussing why KPFA doesn't solicit corporate funding ("We try to keep free from the vicissitudes of grant-funding, and more importantly, grant

news), and under operations and administration. While at many institutions "volunteer" can be synonymous with go-fer or apprentice, at KPFA most of the volunteers are indistinguishable from their remunerated comrades in terms of professionalism and dedication. "KPFA has won virtually every major broadcasting award, including the Peabody," Salniker related, "and most were won by KPFA volunteers."

As the station has stabilized over the past ten years, there is not the rapid turnover there once was. "KPFA is no longer dominated by people in their 20s, but by people in their 30s and 40s," noted Salniker. "It is no longer an in-and-out training ground, but it is people's career goal, offering the very rare opportunity to do whatever they want to do in media."

That stabilization has also meant that the station has not changed significantly in

CALLING

rejections," he explained), a visitor to the station poked his head in the door and asked where the bathroom was. That kind of accessibility to the general manager typifies the accessibility the listeners have to the airwaves through the many programs that invite call-ins, and also the accessibility that the community has to the station through the 300 regular volunteers who work there each month.

These volunteers join the 27 paid staff members in an almost unwieldy organization. Admitted Salniker, "There are pluses and minuses to having this large a number of people working here. On the plus side is the energy, diversity and perspectives that no paid staff could maintain. On the minus side are the management problems." The volunteers are organized under the six different programming departments (music, drama and literature, public affairs, women, Third World and

the past decade. For that reason, it is presently undergoing a review process. "This is the first time we've tried to look at the whole format," Salniker explained. "We're not in a crisis mentality, so it's a good time to carry out this self-analysis. Change is traumatic and threatening to programmers, but some programs are dated while the times have changed. We're thinking about rearranging some of the programs so that there are not quite so many sudden changes every single day from hour to hour." "On the other hand," added Salniker, "there are people at the station who say that we're raising more money now, our budget has doubled in the last five years, listener support has increased by about 150 percent, so why change?"

A good question, and one which the listeners will undoubtedly have ample opportunity to debate over the community supported airwaves of KPFA, 94.1 in Berkeley. ●

BY KAREN SHARPE

Employment and pre-employment urinalysis tests for phenothiazines provide these people with an excellent and unchallengeable reason for discontinuing their neuroleptic medications. What sort of sane employer wants one of *them* on staff?

Thanks to Dilantin, there are absolutely

Most epileptics themselves, however, are unaware that a sudden discontinuation of

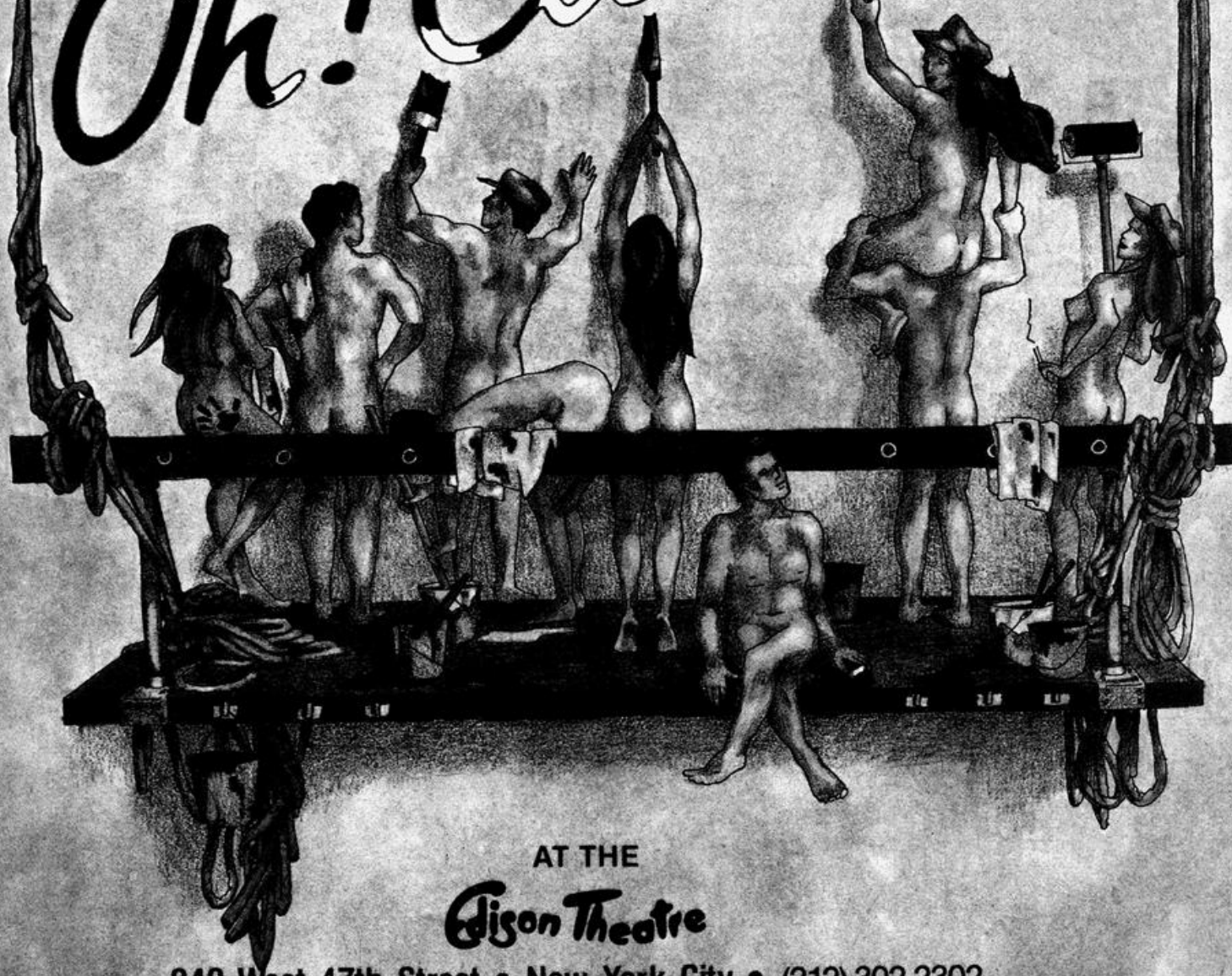
● **Tricyclics:** *amitryptiline (Elavil)*, *dozopin (Sinequan)*, *imipramine (Tofranil)*: Prescribed by psychiatrists as antidepressant

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medications in the long-term treatment of chronic depressive disorders. The presence of any of these drugs in urine is a sure sign that the urine donor is in therapy for a serious and tricky long-term emotional disorder. No one does any of these drugs for kicks. They are not only devoid of any "euphoric" properties, but in fact they don't appear to have any effect at all on psychiatric patients during the first few weeks' "induction" period. After that, these drugs dependably exert a subtly mood-elevating, liberating effect that greatly assists the therapist in guiding the patient to come to grips with his or her real problems in life. But for the first few weeks, these drugs appear to have no effect at all, which makes them tricky in a very special way.

During this induction period, the already-depressed patient is bound to be feeling particularly desolate and wretched, convinced that the drug is useless and the therapy's having no effect at all. If an unemployed patient goes out to seek a job during this critical interval (and job-seeking is another common part of initial psychiatric therapy), and gets bounced because of a piss test, that person's therapy is not bound to benefit at all.

Some psychotherapists have already begun to complain about how this new urine-

surveillance technology is mucking up their work, and their patients. They insist that when they prescribe drugs to their patients for specific disorders, it's a matter of "doctor-patient confidentiality," and that employers are therefore breaking the law when they extort from employees their specific drugs, and hence their specific diagnoses.

Employers will therefore be heartened by the reasoning of the American Occupational Medical Association, a wing of the American Medical Association, which has explained to *HIGH TIMES* that whenever an employee furnishes a urine specimen for his employer, the employee automatically enters *another* "doctor-patient" relationship with the company's entire medical staff. The Association's Code of Ethics, they insist, sternly frowns on the notion of company doctors, nurses and interns divulging the specific contents of employees' urine samples to their employers. But their Code of Ethics is not so almighty strict that it compels the Association to monitor AMA members to weed out all the chiselling quacks who work for employers.

● **Morphine** ("M"): Morphine. Given by doctors to hospital patients to alleviate pain. Morphine is the classic "narcotic analgesic," derived from opium, against which the potency of all other painkilling drugs are rated. An employee with morphine in his urine is not, however, likely to be doing morphine on the sly, but heroin instead. Heroin is changed in the body to morphine before it's eliminat-

ed. Therefore, urine tests for heroin look for morphine, and when people pull morphine "positives," they're fired as suspected junkies. Even though it's been repeatedly shown that these tests can't really tell the difference between morphine molecules in urine and molecules of over-the-counter cough medicines (e.g., dextromethorphan) or even *poppy seeds*, this happens all the time.

● **Phencyclidine (PCP, Angel Dust):** Phencyclidine. Never legally furnished to human beings, although veterinarians use it as a sedative-anesthetic for various large animals. PCP in humans promotes about a half-hour of numbed stupor, followed by a brief interval of edginess and disorientation as the dose wears off. Very high doses of PCP can cause coma or delirium, although its reputation for turning users into “walking dead” or “homicidal maniacs” is entirely a creation of headline-hungry journalists. It’s hard to understand why anyone would willingly take this drug more than once, but some people get quite fond of it, and so employers are forever snooping through people’s bladders for Angel Dust.

THE NEED FOR COLLECTION-SITE SURVEILLANCE

Drug-urinalysis devices are far from fool-proof, alas. Every employer should be aware (and never let on to any employees), that a mere double handful of table salt, or a

continued on page 72





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GROW A

● Greenhouse
growing can fool
Mother Maryjane
into flowering
year-round.



● Top and far left: Flowering crop with shades, May 10, San Francisco Bay Area. The shades were opened at 8 A.M. and closed at 6 P.M. each day for five weeks. Left, close-up of a flower. Bud formation can be excellent. Above, plants under a fluorescent starting system which uses only 140 watts of electricity.

AMERICAN

BY T.L.

● MARIJUANA CULTIVATORS WHO have a greenhouse can easily equip it to grow a spring crop. A harvest can be had in any location in the United States, although the procedures involved will vary depending on the variety grown and the date on which the plants can be put into the greenhouse.

In late winter and early spring marijuana will flower much like it does in autumn, because the day and night lengths are similar. The lengthening nights of autumn trigger hormonal changes within the marijuana plant and bring on flowering. In early spring the same conditions exist naturally, and in late spring they can be set up artificially.

Marijuana will flower any time it is given 10 to 14 hours of uninterrupted darkness during each 24-hour cycle. In the greenhouse marijuana has been shown to flower most rapidly if given the maximum amount of darkness. The longer darkness cycle can cut close to two weeks off the normal, eight-week flowering cycle.

Though the day and night cycles of autumn and spring are similar, there is one important difference. In autumn the days are getting progressively shorter while those of spring are getting longer. Because of this, marijuana cannot be matured on corresponding dates on either side of the winter solstice (August 1–October 1, and March 1–May 1) as one might expect. To do a spring crop under natural lighting conditions, the marijuana would have to be put into the greenhouse quite early.

For early-maturing varieties of marijuana, the plants have to be in the greenhouse by early February if the day-lengths are to be short enough for complete flowering to take place. The greenhouse must be well-equipped or in a warm location, such as the citrus belt of the United States.

Nighttime temperatures must be above 50° F. nights, if a good bloom is to take place. In most locations this means a good heating system will have to be used.

When plants are put into the greenhouse early, usually after having been grown for some time under electric lights, they will begin to flower immediately. Some flowering, though not complete

flowering, will occur up until early May. If the grower does not want the plants to begin flowering but would rather keep them in the vegetative growing stage, this can be done by artificially lengthening the day.

This is easy enough to accomplish with electric lights. A sixty-watt bulb strung every four feet throughout the growing area will do the trick. The lights only have to be on long enough to insure that the plants receive more than 14 hours of light. Running the lights only 20 minutes of each hour they need to be on is enough to keep the plants from flowering. Even flashing the lights occasionally at any time during the darkness cycle will prevent the marijuana from flowering. A relatively cheap timer can be used to automate this process.

Most growers who do a spring crop start their plants under electric lights to help get a jump on things. Fluorescent light systems are a good way to start

large numbers of plants inexpensively. Adequate growth can be obtained for about six weeks with these systems. If the plants are put into the greenhouse at this time, they should be about 18 inches high and will grow to about four feet at maturity. Metal halide lights are another way for growers to start their plants and are especially good if larger plants are desired.

Whichever lights are used, growers should be sure to partially shade their plants for a few days once they are put into the greenhouse. This will help the plants adjust to the intense light which most greenhouses receive and prevent them from wilting or burning up. Cheese-cloth or a similar material is suitable for this process.

The secret of a spring crop for growers who cannot get their plants into the greenhouse in early February is to set up a shading system to artificially shorten days. The shades are made of blackout material which is draped over the plants at specific times in the afternoon and then taken off in the morning. Black sheet-plastic of four mils. or more is commonly used for the shades, but any material capable of totally cutting out incoming light will work. Nylon tarpaulin or window shades are two more materials a grower could use.

Flower-forcing by the use of shading is a common technique in the legal commercial flower industry, and as a result many superior fabrics are available for shading. Some of these fabrics are made to reflect heat away from the developing flowers, while others allow air to penetrate the fabric but not light. These fabrics are available from nursery-supply houses, but many have to be bought in quantity.

Growers are essentially striving to set up a light-tight room for their plants that must be opened and closed each day. Cable systems on which to hang the shades make this a lot easier. Metal cable and devices for drawing it taut across a greenhouse are available at any hardware store. Use metal shower-curtain hooks or drapery hardware to connect the curtain to the cable.

Another method of shading marijuana is to set up a kind of scaffolding around
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mere capful of common household ammonia, is all that's needed to foil any commercial urinalysis procedure, of any make or model, sniffing for any drug at all.

This is because all urinalysis machines are necessarily geared to sniff through biological fluids with a standard acid-to-base ration of 5:5 to 5:9—the "pH factor" of human urine. Merely by dropping an ounce or so of table salt or household ammonia into a standard urine-collection vial, and then filling it with his or her urine, any irresponsible, feckless, cheating, evil-minded wretch of an employee can ensure that the urinalysis machine will not even recognize the sample as "urine" at all. The idiotic machine will assume it's a "blank" urine sample, being run through with the general batch as a "quality-control" checking ploy, and will dutifully award it a "0.000" count of drug metabolite. Even if that wretch's bladder is a positive witch's brew of prescription and illicit controlled substances, a little salt or ammonia in the piss cup will guarantee a "drug-free" readout. This will even happen if the machine *itself* has been thoroughly contaminated with drug particles, as so often happens in so many labs, by a previous drug-positive sample which has been run through it. Ordinarily any machine contaminated in

this way will falsely accuse the next half-dozen samples to run through it of being "positive" for the drug it's polluted with, but not if some cheating wretch of an employee has *blanked* his or her personal specimen with salt or ammonia.

Fortunately, no magazine, newspaper, television program or other popular source of information in America has been subversive enough to "leak" this appalling information so far, except for a certain notorious "drug-culture" magazine which leaks it all the time (puns intended.) Therefore, employers can be reasonably confident that only hard-core "drug-culture types" are likely to successfully cheat our wonderful piss-test machine in this way. To make absolutely sure about it, however, fastidious employers are entitled to hire extra-qualified medical personnel to watch very, very closely while their individual employees "furnish their specimens."

FUTURE URINALYSIS TARGETS

As this Baby Boom generation of Americans (notorious drug abusers all) grows older, their patterns of drug use will inevitably change. As any insurance adjuster will explain to any employer, the rate of certain tell-tale ailments proliferates among any given population of people, as that population gets older. For virtually every ailment, of course, there is at least one tell-tale drug medication, and virtually all medications are

identifiable by urinalysis tests.

Stomach ulcers, for example—an appallingly common affliction among middle-aged American male employees in all walks of industry—are almost universally treated nowadays with a "wonder drug" called *cimetidine* (Tagamet). By screening one's employees' urine for varying levels of cimetidine, therefore, any employer can get a very reliable and scientific indication of which ones among them are right at the edge of their personal stress limit, or even a little beyond it. If an employee you personally dislike happens to have a very high urinary quotient of cimetidine, that is, there's a good chance that just a little extra on-the-job aggravation will cause him to quit voluntarily, without the annoying necessity of inventing some plausible excuse to fire him.

Cardiac diseases also proliferate as people get older. Nitroglycerine drug preparations work fine for heart patients who require them, but have the disadvantage for employers of being eliminated so quickly from the body that it's almost impossible to "catch" them with random urine tests. However, common cardiac-treatment adjunct drugs like digitalis and spironolactone have fairly long retention times in the body; if the guy's showing up these drugs in urine, it might save the company a whole lot of future sick-leave and medical-insurance fees just to invent an excuse to fire the sucker right away. ●

FRIDAY, I REMEMBER, WAS ALSO THE DAY AMELIA EARHART LANDED IN THE MIGHTY MART SHOPPING PLAZA.



I KNOW, BECAUSE I WAS WAITING FOR THE COMMUTER BUS WHICH WOULD TAKE ME TO MY NEW GIRLFRIEND, SUSAN.

HI, I'M AMELIA EARHART.

I WAS FLYING OVER THE SEA OF JAPAN—NEXT THING I KNOW, HERE I AM!!

SAY! I'M AWFUL HUNGRY! DO YOU KNOW A PLACE TO EAT?

I KNOW, I'VE SEEN YOUR PICTURE ON THOSE UNEXPLAINED PHENOMENA SHOWS.

LIFE'S WEIRD, HUH?

YOU CAN PROBABLY GET SOMETHING AT THE MIGHTY MART.



...BUT LET ME TELL YOU MORE ABOUT THIS GIRL, SUSAN... MY DREAMGIRL. SHE'S GOT BIG, DARK EYES, AND A BODY THAT MAKES ME SOFT IN THE HEAD, WOBBLY IN THE KNEES, AND ROCK-HARD SOMEWHERE BETWEEN.



SHE'S SOFT AND SWEET, BUT SHARP AND FUNNY—WITH A SUPPLY OF FAMILY STORIES TO MAKE YOU SPLIT A GUT!



FRIDAY, I REMEMBER, WAS THE DAY I DISCOVERED THAT I REALLY LOVED HER.



SUNDAY MORNING I TOLD HER ABOUT MY ENCOUNTER WITH AMELIA EARHART. WE AGREED IT WAS A FUNNY INCIDENT.



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CELESTIAL SYNAPSE

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hugging and eye-vibing. A tall and skinny ex-Marine turned beatnik radical named Aaron had emerged from those meetings as the discussion group's acknowledged moderator or "road chief" (from the Native American peyote ceremony). Learning to stay smart while stoned was the general practice, and collective tripping had come to be the One Class specialty.

The Alchemy commune, by contrast, was a sprawling group of diverse but mindblown drop-outs which had taken over an aging resort (Alchemy Hot Springs) in the mountains to the north and, through the efforts of its balding, somewhat embryonic-looking spokesman, Pat Cornell—always imposing in a three-piece suit, and talking up the Foundation for Psychic Progress to chambers of commerce around the country—they had come into some high-powered funding. So they were able to finance the concert and hire the band. Having been relieved, however, of the necessity to support themselves by conventional means, they had alienated the surrounding square community with incessant partying, a lax visitor policy, out-front brandishing of talismans and magic mirrors, and rumors of dark arts and hard drugs. So they were holding some pretty shaky karma as they came on to the event.

The Living End was simply every acid-head's favorite band—the one you could get next to, be stoned by, feel one with. They played a very accessible, down-home kind of country blues sound that they could build on and elevate to the empyrean heights of inspired improvisation. Although it was their lead guitar player, Mike Rodriguez, who usually led the breakthroughs into the transcendent musical realms, the whole band was incredibly tight and telepathic—and the more stoned they got, the better they played. They were well-known for being able to take any amount of acid, ground it with alcohol, and keep it together onstage at the virtuosic level for hours on end.

Many people noted that the full moon on the night of the concert was tinged with the same lavender hue as the capsules of synthetic mescaline that were then highly popular. At the door of the Family Dog they were handing out purple double-domes of LSD that reputedly packed 500 micrograms per dose. Whoever wasn't stoned already by the time they arrived got instantly stoned as soon as they walked through the door, whether they downed a double-dome or not. The ballroom filled up quickly with grass and hash smoke, and everywhere there were circular clumps of trippers passing around pipes of DMT or STP, for an initial, breathtaking roller-coaster ride. Some, who looked as though their astral bodies had fled them, were popping or snorting caps of "angel dust." Nobody knew for sure where it came from—what came to be known later as PCP or "hog,"—and many of us suspected the Hell's Angels who hung out with the

Endheads, but, with as much of it as there was around, it definitely gave a weird and slightly numbed-out edge to an otherwise ecstatic event.

When the band first began playing, the three astral communities—Classmates, Alchemists and Endheads—tended to hang together among their own identifiable selves. But when enough time had gone by for the acid everybody had taken at the door to finally come on, it was as if a tidal wave of overwhelming force swept over everyone, the two drummers of the End taking off and looming large like some interplanetary propulsive dynamo, galvanizing all but the most spaced out into Dionysiac dance.

Everyone having at least 500 micrograms of psychedelic energy at his disposal to underpin and launch the collective trip, the experiences that transpired among those more than 2,000 luminous, dancing souls would be impossible in this space to even attempt to intimate. The light show on the massive screens above and around the band contained enough of mythic significance to plunge everyone there into centuries-long sagas of loving and clashing archetypes. But the tidal drift, in spite of all the ego trips, was *love*, and the longer everyone danced to the End, the more they came together in amoebically expansive but intensely *tantric* circles—until the peak moment arrived, when the End, tripping just as insanely hard as everyone else, "broke on through" with an incandescent Rodriguez riff that, together with the flashing, pulsating neuron on the screen above him, was like a violet bolt of lightning. For the longest, most ineffably lingering time, accompanied by searing flashes of bluish-white light arcing over the hall and illuminating us all, *everybody* was dancing with *everybody*. And like they kept saying later on in attempting to define what came to be known as the *tribal stomp*—we were all one.

So the synapse occurred—too much energy had been brought to bear for it not to have occurred—but there wasn't enough cohesion in the amalgam of those three group heads to sustain the flash for long. It began to break down, it seems, from lack of any restraint; however Dionysiac your rite, you have to impose some restraint at some point if you want to have another one.

I'm not sure how it exactly started—maybe it was Sequoia, the Alchemists' major sorceress of sexual magic, painted silver and dancing naked with her long black tresses flying, who first excited the attention rip-offs and energy freaks. But soon, one after another, various blitzed-out beings were heading for the stage, and the microphones.

At this point in the evolution of rock concerts, avoiding any kind of bad vibes was a higher priority than securing the stage. So even though a succession of characters, including an effusive and blown-away Pat Cornell himself, felt compelled to seize the high voltage and say a few words into the mike, the band just kept on playing—"The Lady in Red," I think it was—with Rodriguez smiling most benignly into space, but everyone else in the band by this time obvi-

ously wondering what the fuck to do.

Finally, two of the Alchemists—a couple with the genetically blessed appearance of a couple of blond Greek gods appeared nude on the stage, each holding aloft a bottle of wine, and began to babble some kind of idiotic ode to Bacchus. For some people their blazing appearance under the stage lights like that evoked the vision of a liberated, new-age Adam and Eve. But by this time, the band, meandering off into some spaced-out riff, was looking distinctly uptight, and a quick check of the general vibe showed why.

That feeling of ecstatic oneness that had possessed everyone, only minutes ago—or was it *cons*?—was gone now, replaced by a more random, uncontrolled roiling of basic urges. It was pretty obvious what was starting to happen—some couples were already in the first stages of balling on the floor; some people were already heading for the door. That feeling of *what's gonna happen next?* was absolutely palpable—since everyone was thinking it.

Well, up stepped Aaron, the One Class man, to the stage, and his presence was, to say the least, *commanding*. No one who knew him had ever seen him look quite like that before—maybe it was how he had survived in Korea—but it was obvious he was *possessed*. And how could he not have been, to have had the absolute confidence and strength of will, at that level of shrieking overamperage, to do what he did? Wearing his leather fringe coat, with a big rhinestone American flag on the lapel, his thong-strung cowhorn slung over his shoulder and a feather fastened to his long hair, he came on with the authority of embodying and having risen from the very bedrock of the North American continent.

What he did then was blow his cowhorn, the way he did at the Class meetings to begin the OM that everyone always chanted, to begin and to end the meetings. So there were enough people present who were familiar with that trip for a long, low, droning OM to get started by Aaron blowing his cowhorn that way. It rapidly became clear to more and more people that this was something that could grow, and maybe straighten out the now scattered energy and deteriorating vibes. Soon the band had picked up on what was happening and was contributing electronic obbligatos to the deep drone of the voices and the higher tone of the cowhorn. That broke through the last self-absorbed, zoned-out barrier and brought everyone to their feet, OMing as loud and long as they could until tears were rolling down cheeks, and people were hugging each other in small but growing groups, still OMing, and looking into each other's eyes.

It was the conclusion of the ceremony—everyone was telepathic with that. There was nothing more the band could play that could top what just went down. So everyone quietly and very slowly—*very* slowly, it being so easy to fall into hugging every person met with on the way to the door—left the ballroom and drifted away into the electric night. ●

This story is true, but names have been changed for the sake of those souls who prefer to leave their earlier incarnations obscure.

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GROW AMERICAN

continued from page 71

the plants and then drape the fabric over it. Any kind of poles or bamboo can be lashed together to do this. Remember, though, that marijuana grows considerably during flowering. Building the system large to begin with will prevent the need for design modifications late in the flowering stage when the buds are very delicate.

Growers have some flexibility as to when the shades should be opened and closed. What is desired is ten hours of intense direct sunshine followed by 14 hours of near total darkness. The shades could be opened at 8 A.M. and closed at 6 P.M., for instance, but lots of combinations will work as long as the cycles are of the right duration.

Try to cut out only indirect light when the shades are being used. This will prevent extreme temperatures under the shades which can damage the flowers. Some kind of ventilation will be needed if this cannot be done.

Once shading is started, the cultivator will really have to be down on the farm, so to speak. Not that so much work is required, just that consistency will be. The grower must be there each day on time to open and close the shades throughout the flowering cycle. The flowers will be affected if only one day a week of shading is missed, although the results will not be disastrous unless the shades are left closed during the day.

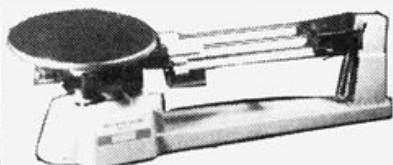
It takes very little light to disturb marijuana's flowering during the darkness cycle. To prevent extraneous light from ruining your crop, it is advisable to get under the shades with your plants and make sure no light is getting into the flowering chamber. Any holes are easy enough to cover with black tape.

By the last week of flowering, the buds are firmly set. Playing hooky from shading is easiest on the plants at this time. Just make sure the shades are left opened rather than closed.

Before you harvest, remember that if a few growing shoots are left on the bottom of the plant's stalk, marijuana will often regenerate once the shading is stopped. These plants will grow throughout the summer and can be harvested again in the fall. They can be harvested sooner if the shading cycle is resumed.

It might not be good to fool Mother Nature, but marijuana does not seem to mind at all. In fact, spring crops are the norm in the tropics, where plants can be grown year-round. With a little work, growers can make them common in our temperate environment. The boys down at CAMP will love it. ●

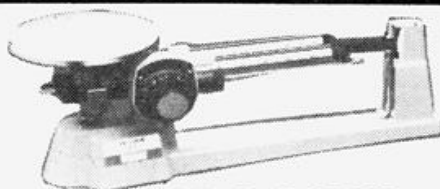
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ASKED

continued from page 61

extent. However, the main factor which affects potency is the genetic structure of the plant. Both potential yield and potency are determined by the plant's genes.

Dear Ed,

Do male plants contain any THC, and if so, is the level high enough to produce a high?

—Lincoln
Durham, N.C.

Yes, male plants contain THC and can get you high. They are removed from the garden to prevent pollination of the females. Males usually do not have the high concentrations of THC that the females do. However, some males have been tested with rather high percentages. The males seem to have the same ratios of cannabinoids as do females of the same variety.

Dear Ed,

This is my first garden. All of my plants are growing slow with small leaves. I've seen four-week-old plants in your column five times bigger than mine. My soil is made up of cow and rabbit shit and potting soil. I use plant food and B-9. Why are my plants so small?

—Dennis Y.
Oklahoma

The main reason your plants are so small is that you are using a growth retardant. B-9 is used commercially to shorten growth between internodes. It also retards lateral growth of marijuana. Used on a regular basis, it will slow growth to almost zero. In addition, the potting mix you are using is probably highly acidic. Many of the nutrients marijuana uses are in forms unavailable to the plant when they are in highly-acidic mixes. To increase availability, after testing the pH, adjust it to within six to seven.

Dear Ed,

My cousin recently bought an ounce of brownish weed which contained small web-like nests. Is this a sign of spider mites? How can I remove this material? Can the webs be removed?

—Mike
Highland, Cal.

Many insects spin web-like material as part of their life processes. These include butterflies and moths, which spin cocoons with "silk," spiders and mites. In any case, the smoking material should be considered contaminated. After all,

you wouldn't eat food which contained material like this, so why breathe it?

Dear Ed,

Thirteen days after my CO₂ tank arrived, the increase in growth rate was phenomenal. The chamber is 4' x 4' x 7½' with a light and CO₂ timer. CO₂ flow is kept to a meager four cubic feet per hour (CFH), and is injected for 30 seconds every 30 minutes. An oscillating fan is kept on low speed. I water once a week with a 20-20-20 fertilizer. The unit has a 400-watt metal halide and a 400-watt, high-pressure sodium lamp for flowering—a total of 90,000 lumens. The plants have been pruned twice, making them semi-bushy. The new plants will not be pruned. Each is destined to provide that single, large cola.

—On The Green
New Haven, Conn.

Thanks for the note and dramatic photos showing the results of the new CO₂ unit.

Dear Ed,

I have been growing some great smoke for five years. The reason I am writing to you is because readers often ask, "How can you tell a male seed from a female seed?" I think I may have found the answer everyone is looking for.

First, germinate the seeds. Look to see where the sprout comes out of the seeds. If it comes out on top or on either end, I've found that the plant will be female. If it comes out on the side, it will be a male.

I know that this sounds crazy, but I've had over 90 percent with this method and so have friends of mine.

I hope this is of some help to your readers.

—R.L.
Tipton, Mo.

Thanks for your tip. Anyone care to try this little experiment and report back on the results?

● I welcome comments, tips and questions regarding marijuana and marijuana cultivation. Send all letters to Ask Ed, HIGH TIMES, 17 W. 60th St., New York, NY 10023. Also send entries for the Bud, Plant and Garden of the Month Contests. All correspondents whose letters or photos are used will receive a free copy of my book, Marijuana Growers Handbook, Indoor/Greenhouse Edition.

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Join us now in this fight for your rights. Please send us your name and address along with a \$15 annual membership fee to: NYS NORML, P.O. Box 20525, New York, NY 10025. Or, join us anonymously by sending any donation you can afford.

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Lonely Prisoner, seeking letters from ladies: Wayman Harris, Rt. 1, P.O. Box 36, Jackson, NC 27845.

W/M looking for correspondence. Will answer all letters. Paul Longhauser C-80370 C.M.C. West 311-05, P.O. Box 8103, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-0005.

Originally from Northern Illinois, started out to do some traveling, but ended up in the Hotel California. I'm a 29-year-old man, 6'1", brown hair and eyes. Two years to do in prison, and it's awful lonely, without anyone to correspond with. Seeking a friend or? All letters answered. Peter Kalomas C29568-8-19L, P.O. Box 8103, San Luis Obispo, CA 93403-0005.

Lonely prisoner, miss watching the sun set from a deserted beach. Born in California and raised in Hawaii. I'm 21, 5'8", 150 lbs., brown hair and soft brown eyes. Looking for a lady for correspondence and possible visiting. Photo appreciated. Charlie Curry, C76046-8/34, P.O. Box 8103, San Luis Obispo, CA 93403-0005.

Louis Keith Davis, birth 10/10/58. Weight 150, height 5'7". Sign Libra, age 27. Place of birth, Youngstown, Ohio. Hobbies are basketball, football, chess, typing, reading. Prefers intelligent, outgoing woman with a sweet disposition. Race or religion does not matter. Keith L. Davis 176060, P.O. Box 77, Marion, OH 43302.

Lima, Ohio: Prisoner wishes to correspond with someone who he can share his thoughts and feelings with. Kreg Wilson, P.O. Box 4571, Lima, OH 45802.

I am 38 years old, Italian with blue eyes. Black hair, considered handsome and intelligent. My hobbies are sports, leisure activities, music, weight-lifting, movies, reading. I'm seeking someone that feels as I do: to have a solid relationship, it must consist of faith, truth, devotion, love and understanding; so that if we should have any mishaps, misfortunes or misunderstandings, we would have a core to cope with all. A.J. Lauricella, P.O. Box 69-136671, London, OH 431-0069.

Lonely, in need of correspondence. 33-year-old, green-eyed male. Likes music, motorcycles and outdoors. Al J. Walentokonic, K3832, P.O. Box 200, Camp Hill, PA 17011.

White male 25, 5'11" 170 lbs., handsome. Held prisoner for grass. Needs to correspond with you. Please write to Joseph Hall, Rt. 1, Box 36, Jackson, NC 27845.

Desperately needs mail. Paul R. Willans, #W-40028, P.O. Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

31-year-old white male doing time seeks serious marriage-minded woman from the age 20 to 35. Preferably in the Central California area, or someone who would relocate until my release. Richard Lee Honea, #B-77557, Room 1321, P.O. Box 8101, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-0001.

Prisoner needs pen pals. Doug Arey, 954 Forest St., Baltimore, MD 21202.

I am a 34-year-old, honorably discharged Vietnam veteran. And I am currently in prison. I've been doing time now for 7½ years, down here in rebel country. Thomas "Fuzzy" Rowlie, #063965, P.O. Box 221-70-111, Raiford, FL 32083.

I am a lonely, 23-year-old male, doing a 10-year sentence, and would like to correspond with someone. Richard W. Diehm, Route 1, P.O. Box 150, Tenn. Colony, TX 75861.

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CASE IN POINT

THE JURY AND YOU

● IT'S 1:00 A.M. AND THE PARTY YOU have been attending is breaking up. You tell your friend that you've got to leave. He agrees to give you and a few friends a ride.

With the stereo blasting and stories being swapped back and forth, everyone is having a great time. One of the guys in the back has been conspicuously quiet and soon you discover why: he is rolling a joint. Casually you gaze over your shoulder and your worst nightmare comes true: a highway patrol car with its blue lights on. Nervously you wait as the officer cautiously approaches the vehicle. You realize that it was not your marijuana, the guy had hid it under the seat, the officer can't search the car, he doesn't have a warrant. **WRONG!**

The officer orders the driver out of the vehicle. Bravely, he asks the officer why he has stopped the car. He replies, "You were stopped because you do not have a license plate light and now we detect the distinct odor of unburned marijuana and we are going to search the car." He yells, "Everybody out and put your hands on the top of the car." The next thing you know the car is being torn apart, everybody is being searched and one of the

officers pulls a paper bag from under the seat that has marijuana in it. Everyone is arrested for possession of marijuana and the next thing you know, you're all in jail.

By the time you are brought to court, the others have either plea bargained or had their case dismissed. You have proclaimed and maintained your innocence. Now the Government is putting your principles on the line. To complicate matters, no one in the car that night will testify on your behalf for fear of retribution.

These kinds of events occur to thousands of citizens every month. When placed in this predicament, many people choose the route of least resistance and plead guilty for a variety of reasons.¹ Some accused citizens decide on a jury trial. This means that they find themselves with their fate in the hands of six or 12 citizens who choose *not* to get out of jury duty.²

You are surprised when many of the folks that you believed would give you a fair shake are excused from jury duty because they don't have time for your case.³ It disturbs you that many of the people you liked are leaving the courtroom. Then you suddenly realize that even before people were excused there were very few young people or minorities to begin with. Your lawyer shares your sense of concern and begins discussing the situation with the jury and trial consultant who has been hired to assist him with jury selection.

She explains to you that the cross-section of jurors called to jury duty does not truly represent a cross-section of the community or a jury of your peers, because many young people, minorities and politically-disinterested people are not on the master jury list. In most states, a person is ineligible for jury duty unless he/she has registered to vote.⁴

The next unnerving event you have to deal with is that two or three jurors, upon hearing the charges, say they can't be fair to the prosecution because they feel marijuana should be legalized. So these people are excused for cause. This means they have expressed a bias that

would render them unfair to one side or other. Your fear level is increased when an older woman tells of her child's bad experience with marijuana in front of the entire jury panel. She expresses a strong bias against those people who smoke it with kids like hers. Despite her strong feelings and obvious bias, she tells the judge she still can be fair and judge the facts based on the evidence. This general disclaimer on her part leads the judge to believe, rightfully or wrongfully, that she can be fair. He does not excuse her for cause. Several other people express that drugs are the number-one problem in America today. You begin to wonder how in the hell you are going to get a fair trial.

Your lawyer is skilled in the art of communicating with the jurors during *voir dire*. He has learned to ask good, open-ended questions that require the potential jurors to talk. The jury and trial consultant is there to assist him in designing effective questions to determine how people feel about the issues. Because of your lawyer's thorough questioning, a few people are excused for bias in this kind of case, including the older woman who the judge had originally thought could be fair. You breathe a sigh of relief.

After the questions have been asked, the judge says that each side can make their peremptory challenges. A peremptory challenge is a finite number of strikes that allows each side of the case to remove from the panel a few people for any reason they desire.⁵ As you talk with your lawyer and consultant, you realize that there are a couple of people that appear to be fair-minded about marijuana. Their statements in court will cause the prosecution to use their peremptory challenges to remove them from the jury. Because each side has only three peremptory challenges in this particular case, it is explained to you that only the three worst jurors can be removed. Therefore, wise use of these precious strikes must be made. Your lawyer, with your and the consultant's input, chooses to exclude the three people you determine

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MUSIC

BY JOHN LELAND

LITTLE STEVEN SAY:

"DON'T DO IT!"

● EARLIER THIS YEAR, STEVE VAN ZANDT spent a month in South Africa. He didn't go there to perform. He went there to talk to people and look around. He talked to church groups. He talked to opposition leaders. He talked to fellow musicians. He talked to anti-apartheid groups. He heard a lot of conflicting opinions and analyses, but everybody agreed on one point. They asked him to bring back a message. They asked him to spread the word: Don't do it. Don't tacitly support apartheid, no matter how much money you can make by doing so. *Don't play Sun City.*

Little Steven came home and wrote the song, "Sun City":

We're rockers and rappers united and strong

*We're here to talk about South Africa—
we don't like what's going on*

*It's time for some justice and it's time
for the truth*

*We've realized there's only one thing
we can do*

I ain't gonna play Sun City.

He wrote the song, and he wanted to get a half-dozen friends and colleagues to lend their names and talents to it as a collaborative effort. By the time the smoke had cleared, no less than three dozen artists had been asked in. Some were the by-now-expected benefit-collaborators: Bob Geldof, Bruce Springsteen, Jackson Browne, Daryl Hall, Bono Vox from U2, Peter Wolf, Pete Townshend.

But Van Zandt was after a whole different kind of groove, one that followed the spirit of the project. He asked king of the beat Arthur Baker to co-produce the record, and went after a broad musical base. He enlisted *sa/seros* Ray Barretto

and Ruben Blades. He got the Soweto band the Malopoets and Sunny Okosuns from Nigeria. He got reggae artists Linton Kwesi Johnson, Jimmy Cliff and Big Youth; rappers Afrika Bambaataa, Run-D.M.C., Melle Mel, Kurtis Blow and Duke Bootee; jazzbos Miles Davis, Stanley Jordan and Herbie Hancock. He got protopunks Stiv Bators of Lords of the New Church and Joey Ramone of the Ramones, and proto-protopunk Lou Reed. He sent a cable to Nigerian Head of State, Major General Muhammad Buhari, asking him to grant Fela Anikulapo Kuti a temporary release from prison so that he could participate in the project. (The request was denied.) He wanted stars, but he also wanted the record to be more than just an aggregate of star power.

The musicians were more than happy to participate. As Miles Davis told *Rock and Roll Confidential*, "South Africa makes me sick. South Africa makes me ill. I jumped at the chance to help out with this record."

The purpose of the record is two-fold. Primarily, it's an attempt to raise awareness of the institutionalized racism of South Africa and put both friendly and unfriendly pressure on other musicians not to support it by playing at Sun City. Sun City is a giant, expensive, Las Vegas-style gambling and entertainment complex set in the "homeland" of Bophuthatswana. South Africa's homelands are little communities in the middle of nowhere that are declared independent from the country, but whose independence is recognized by no one else, including the UN: They are generally ghettos to which blacks are forcibly relocated. "Sun City," Van Zandt told *Rolling Stone*, "is a symbol of the apartheid relocation policy... (It) offers musicians big money to play there. But if you do, you justify relocation, which is disgusting." The second purpose of the record is to raise

money. All artists' royalties from the record and its accompanying video go to the Africa Fund, a New York-based nonprofit group that provides aid and education to "Africans struggling for independence."

In spite of its name stars, "Sun City" will undoubtedly have less commercial impact than the other benefit projects that dominated '85. But Van Zandt's record is the most honest of the lot. Live Aid, Farm Aid, Band Aid, and USA for Africa all gave valuable support—and shitloads of it—to good causes, but they generated the bucks by keeping their blinders on. In order to reach people, they offered depoliticized responses to politically-caused problems. Peter Garrett of Midnight Oil, who performed with his band at the Aussie equivalent of Live Aid and by himself on "Sun City," said of the global hunger shebang, "It's difficult to reconcile what Live Aid was with the fact that the reasons it was needed in the first place were very strong political things. It featured people like Queen, who have played South Africa. [Let us not hesitate to indict the odious Beach Boys here as well.] I don't know why they were at Live Aid. I'm sure that they're concerned about starving people—we all are. But it's a little more complex than that, and I feel that didn't come through on Live Aid."

"Sun City," by contrast, is nothing but political. Van Zandt's lyrics attack a political system, rather than mourning its malignant results. And they acknowledge Americans' complicity in the situation. "It's time to accept our responsibility," he sings. "Why are we always on the wrong side?"

The former Springsteen guitarist also showed some balls in his casting. "We Are the World" had as its basis a class system roughly analogous to the one the record responded to. This got it on the radio, but also indirectly kept anyone but Euro-American rockers out of the studio. And it kept the radicals out. Van Zandt brought the radicals in. He brought in Linton Kwesi Johnson, the outspoken leader of England's Race Today, an anti-racism activist group. He brought in Gil Scott-Heron and Garrett and Ruben Blades, names that aren't going to make the coffers ring, but which reflect a genuine and *continuing* commitment to the cause. Ironically, Van Zandt now finds himself without a record contract for his own work—partly because his two EMI America albums were so boring, but also partly because their po-

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HIGH FIVES

BY JOHN LELAND

Alternative Record Charts

ALBUMS

1. Hüsker Dü, *Flip Your Wig* (SST). And on the eighth day, etc. No foolin', this is the most exciting band in the universe doing the Dü, with brilliant, loopy melodies and psychedelic/punk sonic wham-alam.

2. Marginal Man, *Double Image* (Gasatanka/Enigma). D.C. punk band into alienation (but not dogma) opens up its speedcore to let some riffs in. Gonzo-rock with an edge.

3. Dead Milkmen, *Big Lizard in My Backyard* (Fever). Stupid pop punks are sometimes the only ones who realize that the problem is not just that the fascist patriarchal state is fucking us up the ass, but also that we all need some cool wheels. In this case, a "Bitchin' Camaro."

4. Various Artists, *A Town South of Bakersfield* (Enigma). Los Angeles, that is. Dwight Yoakam leads Hollywood's finest shitkickers on a countrified com-

pilation that lassos more than it lets get away.

5. Golden Palominos, *Visions of Excess* (Celluloid). Master drummer Anton Fier's all-(underground)star pickup band doesn't let the album's trite songs get in the way of its unflinchingly inventive playing.

SINGLES & EPs

1. Alex Chilton, *Feudalist Tarts* EP (Big Time). The "genius" whom everybody recognized but nobody ever liked ('cept maybe in his Box Tops days) scores with a dry, witty record and a little bit o' soul.

2. Eric Westfall, "The Doctor Is In" b/w "Nuclear Guitar" (Ordinary). Evangelical tape loops with fast beats; call it *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts* with Dr. Gene Scott.

3. Winter Hours, *Churches* EP (Link). New Jersey quintet rolls in like the morning fog with swirling, interwoven guitar figures and airy, slightly affected singing. Not to mention melodies you can hum whenever melancholia sets in.

4. Tiny Lights, "Flowers through the Air" b/w "Zippity-Do-Dah" (Uriel). The A-side is a Summer of Love retread with a cool cello. It's okay, but I'll spin the record for the flip, on which the Lights rock out.

5. Mosquitos, *That Was Then, This Is Now!* EP (Valhalla). Talk about retreads, they don't get much more derivative than this tidy garage Merseybeat throwback. But the 'squteers have the melodies and harmonies to make it happen all over again.

HIGH FIVES INFO

SST, Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260

Enigma, Box 2896, Torrance, CA 90509

Fever, 621 S. 4th St., Philadelphia, PA 19147

Celluloid, 155 W. 29th St., New York, NY 10001

Big Time, 6410 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90038

Ordinary, Box 481036, Los Angeles, CA 90048

Link, c/o AAM, 277 Church St., New York, NY 10013

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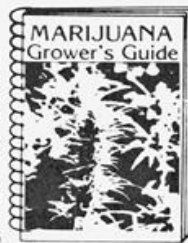
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FILM

BY DAVID HARRISON

● *Mixed Blood* looks at teenage drug use and dealing in the ghetto—and laughs.

PAUL MORRISSEY'S HEROIN HIJINKS

● *MIXED BLOOD*, PAUL MORRISSEY'S latest attempt at black comedy, tries to wring laughs from a war over drug-dealing turf in the Lower East Side area of New York known as Alphabet City. And, if early response to the film is any indication, "hip" urban audiences do indeed seem to find it hilarious to watch two gangs of ghetto teenagers, most of whom are under 16, maim, cripple and kill each other or waste themselves with hard drugs. Morrissey, no longer working under the imprimatur of his mentor Andy Warhol, literally goes for the jugular in his desperate, debauched quest for laughs, and the "hip" audience is lapping it up.

The film tells the story of the Maceteros, an Alphabet City gang led by Brazilian Rita La Punta (Marilia Pera), and their drug war with the Master Dancers. Rita is not content with the turf controlled by the Maceteros; she wants to cut in on

the territory where the Dancers ply their trade. She leads her gang in a raid on the Dancers' turf. An absurdly inept shootout ensues, during which dozens of shots are fired but no one is even hit. The Dancers manage to grab one of Rita's boys, and after getting approval from the German dealer who supplies both gangs, they drop the Macetero kid off the roof.

"Don't worry," the leader of the Dancers tells the German when he anxiously inquires about the victim's age. "He's almost 14."

And the "hip" audience finds this funny.

The rival gangs stage assaults on each other's business activities, which consist of the sale of heroin and cocaine. Morrissey stages these dope-selling scenes as if the gang members were kids selling lemonade. He strips the dealing activity of the tension and fear that actually accompany such operations and replaces the real emotions with goofball humor. The scraggly-looking junkies who are standing in line to score scatter when a shootout erupts. After the shooting stops, the desperate dope fiends scurry to get back in line.

And the "hip" audience laughs.

Morrissey's camera lingers lovingly over characters who deliver lines such as "We can always go to the chinks for our supply, or even the niggers if we have to," and "You're Portuguese; you don't want people to think you're a spic," and "Since when does he send a nigger dyke to do his dirty work?"

And the "hip" audience giggles.

Rita is finally kidnapped along with her son's girlfriend (Linda Kerridge), a rich, beautiful blonde who enjoys the company of smalltime dope dealers. (Morrissey obviously can't resist the chance to leaven his racist stereotyping with a little sexism.) This sets the stage for the film's climactic shootout, as well as two of its biggest "gags" (as in "gag me with a dirty dopespoon").

The teenage Dancer who is guarding Rita shoots some heroin and nods out. When Rita tries to escape, he goes after her, the syringe still dangling from his arm. Rita grabs the syringe and stabs the Latino teenager in the jugular vein. The blood spurts out.

And the "hip" audience howls.

Rita is recaptured. The girlfriend is then shot in her pretty, blonde head. "I must look like hell," she deadpans.

And the "hip" audience roars.

Mixed Blood has won lavish praise from some critics, one of whom even called it "the best American film of recent memory." The only superlative this writer could apply to *Mixed Blood* is "sickest." That Morrissey should find it necessary to stoop to depicting the degradation and death of teenage drug addicts and dealers in order to get laughs reveals him to be a man whose talent—and whose spirit—is truly impoverished.

Morrissey mined similar ground in the vastly superior *Trash*, but the characters in that film were white dilettantes who took drugs for kicks and by choice. Not so the kind of kids depicted in *Mixed Blood*. For Hispanics and other minorities in America's urban ghettos, using and/or selling drugs is one of the few available means of survival, a path that is, tragically, chosen by all too many of these impoverished young people. Much mileage is made in *Mixed Blood* of the fact that dope gangs often recruit kids in their very early teens to do their killing, because, as one character notes, "They can kill and not go to jail—too young." Unfortunately, this is not a figment of Morrissey's imagination, it is a sickening fact of ghetto life. That Morrissey and his totally unhip audience find humor in this tragic situation is perhaps even more sickening.

A few years ago, when the Alphabet City drug scene was as wide open as Morrissey depicts it in *Mixed Blood*, heroin became chic in some decadent New York circles, and a sci-fi heroin comedy called *Liquid Sky* became a hit at the same Greenwich Village theater where this writer saw *Mixed Blood* (and where *Liquid Sky* has been playing at midnight screenings for over two years). Morrissey was obviously banking on this audience to support his film, and as we go to press, he seems to be winning that bet. But while the heroin fad is a thing of the past for the New York "in crowd," the grinding poverty and squalor of the ghetto help assure that hard drug abuse and dealing will remain a sad fact of life for many young people who live there.

And that's no laughing matter. ●

LETTERS

continued from page 8

can organize military operations to fight for freedom and democracy around the world, why then can't we organize an operation to fight for life!?

—J.J.

St. Paul, Minn.

PISS ON THEM

As an example to all of those in our government who advocate the use of urine tests to detect the use of various drugs by students, entertainers, sports stars, white collar, blue collar, and no collar workers, may I suggest that we add to that list and in fact, head the list with all agents and higher-ups, of The United States Drug Enforcement Administration.

Certainly no finer example could be proffered by our sincere Mr. Reagan and his diligent DEA Director, Mr. Lawn.

Of course, the procedure would bear monitoring by an outside and independent agency to insure against conflict and bias in determining the results of each and every specimen.

Modern technology offers us a machine that can do the job with minimal time and nominal expense. The resultant creation of jobs and clearing of doubts will well be worth the effort. Plus, it might be fun watching some of the corrupt in the agency submit to either cleaning up their own act, or finding new jobs.

I hope that you respond by publishing, if not this letter, then at least the suggestion for public review.

—Mr. Bruce Gittleman E-307

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PARAQUAT PILOTS BEWARE

A fair warning to DEA "Paraquat Pilots":

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I'm giving y'all fair warning, you "Paraquat Pilots." You come down this way—spraying that stuff over my crops—and I'll personally knock you fuckers out of the sky.

Thanks, HIGH TIMES, for those reports in Highwitness News before the actual spraying occurs—letting us get ready for those "whirly bird bastards."

—Blue Ribbon

Hill Country of Texas

NORML's Message to Political Leaders

With federal budget deficits at record highs, government must take steps to balance the budget. But while Democrats and Republicans argue over who to tax and how much, the deficit worsens.

Yet, this year over 30 million Americans will take advantage of an immense tax loophole. They will evade paying over \$15 billion in tax revenue. Isn't it time to stop this tremendous drain on our nation's economic resources?

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These entrepreneurs have enjoyed an

unprecedented free market under both Republican and Democratic administrations, but we think it's time the government makes them pay their fair share of tax dollars. As recently as 1982 the National Academy of Sciences recommended the regulation of this important new cash crop, just as a Presidential Commission did 10 years ago. Opponents claim that, like tobacco, it is harmful to health. Yet the government subsidizes the tobacco market so farmers can receive \$1.70 a pound, while it outlaws this new crop which would bring farmers ten times that without government subsidy.

What is this new crop? Well, so much misinformation has been spread about it that you probably haven't guessed. It's marijuana, one of the most lucrative and wide-spread "tax shelters" of all time. Marijuana policy has been an expensive failure America can no longer afford. Bring it under control, keep it away from children, create new tax revenues, take billions of dollars from crime, fund a credible drug education program, and help reduce the deficit.

Marijuana, it's time for a new look.

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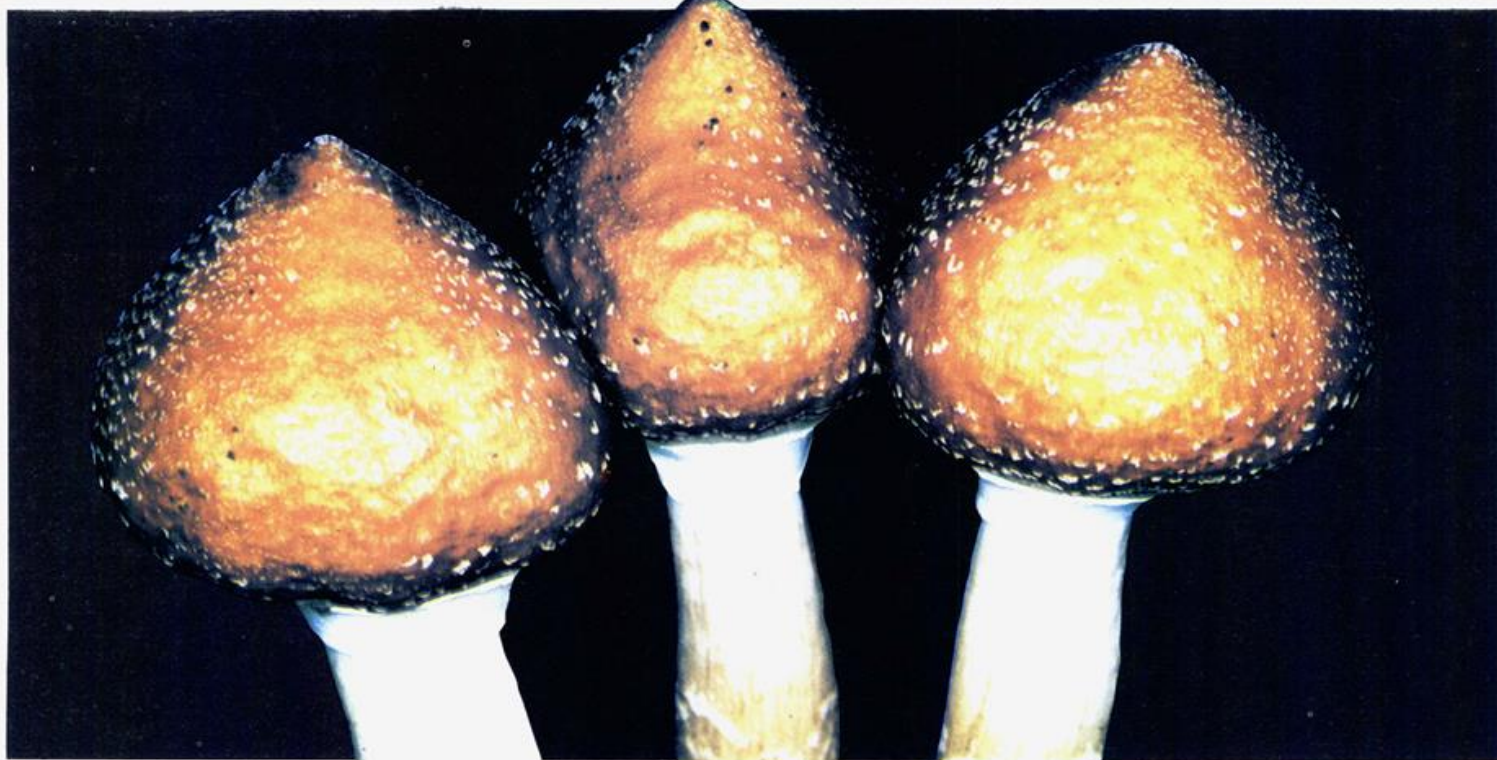
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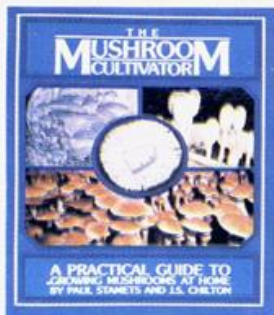
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SCREEN SCENE

● THE EXPLOITATION ARM OF Cannon Films has topped, or more appropriately, *bottomed* itself with the latest entry in the *Death Wish* series, *Death Wish 3*.

The press kit for this mindless piece of vigilante worship gives a clue to the brainlessness, bloodlust and hypocrisy of the perpetrators. One of the stills shows the movie's villains, a gang of "drug-crazed hoodlums," wreaking havoc in the streets of East New York. You can instantly tell that they're "drug-crazed hoodlums" because they all have either long hair or skin pigmentation that marks them as non-Caucasians.

And who better to deal with these drug-crazed longhairs, blacks and Hispanics than a white man with a high-tech gun. Stone-faced Charles Bronson is back as the Bernard Goetz-like vigilante Paul Kersey. Bronson has been quoted as saying that he abhors real-life vigilantism as practiced by New York's subway killer Goetz, who shot four black teenagers in a case that earned him the nickname "Death Wish gunman." But Bronson obviously has no aversion to making a huge salary for starring in a movie that extols exactly the set of values that Bronson claims to loathe.

That press release also makes no bones about what the real star of this film is: not Bronson, but Bronson's *gun*. "There is a fifth star in *Death Wish 3*," the press release states, "'my friend Wildey.' That's what Paul Kersey calls the Wildey .475 Magnum gas-operated, auto-loading pistol on which he counts heavily to carry out his social-adjustment program." The PR hack who coined that euphemism for vigilante murder must think himself quite a clever fellow. But a clever fellow would not identify the film's police chief character as Shriker in the press release and as Stryker in a caption for a still from the movie. Even the writer of this dreadful film is ashamed to be associated with it. Don Jakoby, writer of the screenplay, demanded that his name be removed from the credits because the film is too violent. ●

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BOOKS

BY KYLE RODERICK

BOFFO BEATLES BOOK

THE ART OF THE BEATLES

by Mike Evans

Beech Tree Books, 144 pp., \$17.95.

● ALONG WITH THE COCA-COLA logo and Marilyn Monroe, Elvis, the swastika and Jackie Kennedy, the Beatles are among the most *mediagenic* symbols of the 20th century. Through their music, films, and group image, the Beatles helped foster the '60s counterculture while also articulating the myriad mainstream moods of the decade. Arguably the most popular musicians in history, their artistic contributions transcend the established boundaries of rock 'n' roll: the Beatles significantly stylized, colored, and inspired much of our visual culture, too. In *The Art of the Beatles*, Mike Evans brings together 150 pages of visual material related to John, Paul, George and Ringo. This coffee-table-sized book pinpoints the origins and relative impact of their incalculably hip visual style, as well as their effect on the visual arts of the last 20 years. The material encompasses Beatle-influenced photography, film animation, painting, fashion, book illustration, graphic design, record-sleeve and poster art, comic strips and theater.

Next to hundreds of photos and illustrations (some of them quite rare), Evans' chatty text provides a chronological overview of the Beatles' career as well as notes on '60s mass culture and its major subsets of rock 'n' rollers, psychedelians, hippies, artists... and merchandisers. After all, it was the explosive marketing blitz of the Beatles in England which made them into visual trademarks before they ever set foot in the U.S.A. And, our nation being the marketing Mecca of the world, it only took a few weeks of the biggest hype in show biz history to ignite Yankee Beatlemania.

Granted, Beatles concerts were the *outest* events our teenagers had ever

seen, but Evans stresses that the Beatles' triumphant American conquest was largely due to "the way their image was exploited in the press, advertising, television and—very quickly—merchandising. Uniquely American items—and there were literally hundreds—included a 'kiss your favorite Beatle' poster (with life-size lips), a Beatles costume complete with mask, a long-eating licorice record and a 'Flip Your Wig' Beatles board game."

According to Evans, neither the Beatles nor their photographers received the full extent of their respective cuts on these merchandising royalties. Most of the items bearing "official" logos used photos by Dezo Hoffman or Robert Freeman, the photographer of the now iconic *Meet the Beatles* album cover. As Evans convincingly demonstrates, this photo broke existing garish pop-album cover conventions with its grainy black-and-white, side-lit head shot of the four unsmiling musicians. Furthermore, the Rolling Stones' debut album cover is extremely similar to the *Meet the Beatles* photo, and a quick glance through any '60s rock album collection will yield dozens of variations on the Mod style which constitutes *A Hard Day's Night*, the first Beatles feature film.

Perhaps the primal imprint for the rock video genre, the film was directed by Richard Lester and featured the Beatles in speeded-up action sequences echoing many already-familiar Hoffman and Freeman photos. Evans' commentary on the Beatles' early years includes some fascinating graphics: the cover art of John Lennon's two books; the poster for the Polish release of *Help(!)* and paintings of the Beatles by pop artist Peter Blake, who later provided the superb nostalgic artwork for *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. Also reprinted are sketches from the London animation company, TVC, who produced a Beatles cartoon series. Shown in the U.S.A., the Fab Four spoke in dubbed-on American voices.

● **The Art of the Beatles offers ample evidence of the Liverpool lads' lasting impact on our visual vocabulary.**

When the Beatles gave up touring in 1966, however, the group undoubtedly moved into its most visually innovative phase. Evans credits LSD as being a prime influence on the Beatles' artistic vision. After taking LSD, he ventures that Lennon and McCartney, "...who had by and large written in 'abstract' terms in the classic love-song tradition, now began working on a broader canvas, full of potent observation and imagery." It might also be added that throughout the '60s, scores of people on both sides of the Atlantic also took acid and any other drugs that were available. Listening to rock music while on drugs, especially for teenagers, was one of the decade's most popular pastimes. Drug use reinforced the relevance and popularity of the Beatles' music and image—and vice versa.

From *Revolver* on, the release of each new Beatles album or film became a multimedia event, the classic example being rock's first "concept" album, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. As it happened, while the group labored over *Sgt. Pepper* in the recording studio, a promotional film for the single release of *Penny Lane* and *Strawberry Fields Forever* aired on British television, priming the public's appetite for rock 'n' roll video a good ten years before MTV came on the scene.

Memorable tunes, surreal lyrics and George Martin's masterful production aside, *Sgt. Pepper* also set precedents for rock-album cover and insert art. On the front, the Beatles wear nostalgic yet chic satin Lonely Hearts Club Band uniforms. Sporting full mustaches and serious gazes, they stand flanked by life-size photos of their artistic heroes and pop-culture mentors: Marlene Dietrich, William Burroughs, Bob Dylan and Marilyn Monroe are just a few. Potted palms, religious icons, marijuana plants and waxworks of the Beatles as 1963 mop-tops decorate this high '60s baroque/psychedelic tableau. The insert sleeve's cut-outs of Sgt. Pepper himself; his mustache and regimental stripes enhanced the album's status as a collectible artifact; the back-cover design consisted of song lyrics, an innovation which has become a standard feature of most record albums.

Evans goes on to make brief nods toward the fantasy film and record/photo album, *Magical Mystery Tour*, and the Beatles' own Apple organization, which, beside its record label, also ran London's "rich hippie" clothing boutique, the Apple Shop. TVC's animated-film extravaganza, *Yellow Submarine*, complete with trippy-colored sound effects and a dozen Beatles songs, merits a luscious ten-page spread. Overall, the book is scrupulously researched and well illustrated.

continued on page 98

SOUND OFF

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In some socially retarded areas, religious fanatics and ultra-conservative political organizations violate your First Amendment Rights by attempting to censor rock & roll albums. We feel that this is un-Constitutional and un-American.

BY JOHN LELAND

DON'T KNOCK SHOCK ROCK

● IN MY OWN TWISTED, IRONIC AND flagrantly subjective way, I'm almost inclined to agree. With *them*, that is. With the PMRC. The Parents' Music Resource Center. The Washington wives who want to put ratings on rock 'n' roll records, to flag down those containing what these well-connected women consider objectionable material. Bad singing and derivative songwriting are okay, but sexually explicit lyrics get you slapped with a scarlet X. Advocate or equivocally discuss the use of drugs or alcohol and you'll be branded D/A. Violent lyrics are good for a V; anything mystical or surreal earns an O for occult. We're also talking about moving these tainted records to a separate section of your neighborhood record emporium.

How can I, a former member of the pop combo Sperm Blast (good for an X, possibly a V, although I for one never understood a fucking word the singer sang), possibly agree with the reactionary censorship involved in a rating system that puts evil marks on records that contain references to sex, drugs, booze, violence and/or Druidism? Because I like a warning as much as the next consumer. And I'd certainly think twice about laying out my cash for a rock 'n' roll record that couldn't be indicted on at least one of these counts.

I say I *almost* agree. Because the moms against rock are *almost* funny. Funny like Elvis being filmed for the *Ed Sullivan Show* from the waist up, for fear that one look at his suggestively-grinding

pelvis would drive the future flowers of American (white) womanhood to go out and fuck like negroes. Funny like the 1970 crusade of Spiro Agnew (remember him?) to clamp down on drug abuse by restricting trippy rock lyrics. Funny like Jesse Jackson (remember *him*?) joining Agnew in the cause. Funny like trying to purge carnal references from a music whose name means fuck.

But the PMRC isn't funny. Because these women have juice. They have husbands in the Senate. The heavies in the PMRC include Tipper Gore, wife of Albert (D-Tenn.); Georgie Packwood, wife of Bob (R-Ore.); and Nancy Thurmond, the charming wife of neofascist Strom (R-S.C.). And don't forget Susan Baker, wife of Treasury Secretary and longtime Reagan henchman James III. They also have the support of the PTA and numerous fundamentalist groups, and reflect a growing readiness on the part of the administration that promised to get government off our backs to crack it down on our necks. In San Antonio, a group called Community Families in Action is pushing for legislation to rate live concerts—a clearly repressive exercise in censorship before the fact. And in Cincinnati, Jesse Johnson and David Lee Roth have both been arrested for their onstage behavior—Johnson for urging the crowd to get up, Roth for telling it to light up.

This is exactly the kind of reactionary backlash and witch hunting that we've come to expect from the fundamentalist

● How can you
"sanitize" a music
whose very name
means fuck?!

New Right. And rock 'n' roll is a perfect target. Because rock 'n' roll belongs to young people, and three decades into its existence, people that didn't grow up with it still don't understand it. If you're not a part of it, you can sensationalize it very easily for your fellow unhip friends, because you miss a central truth: that breaking taboos is the point. Rock 'n' roll grew up with the first discrete youth culture, and works like slang—it unites those in the know and keeps others away by vulgarly twisting the principles that they live by. Which is why rock 'n' roll that doesn't buck the social order is for the most part pretty useless. And why the parents don't know, but the little girls understand.

But Tipper, you're only 38, what's your excuse? Didn't you ever close your bedroom door and get off on "White Rabbit"? Weren't you at least covertly interested in Jimi Hendrix's tonguework? Didn't you feel liberated when Paul sang "Why Don't We Do It in the Road?"

And what's Mike Love's excuse? The Beach Boy coughed up the five grand that launched the PMRC on its way. I love the Beach Boys, but if you buy their albums or tickets to their concerts, this is where some of your money is going.

The scary thing about the PMRC is that Stanley Gortikov and the Recording Industry Association of America (RIAA) seem more than willing to cave in to its unreasonable demands. Gortikov has already agreed to PG/R-type stickers or warnings, and rejects a full ratings system and enforced publishing of lyrics only because these are impractical.

Thankfully, there are some rockers who aren't afraid to fight back. Frank Zappa and Twisted Sister's Dee Snider have testified before the Senate Commerce, Science and Transportation Committee against what Zappa calls "fundamentalist frogwash."

The warning stickers or ratings may sound silly. After all, you and I will just ignore them. And sometimes being banned is the swiftest way to get a hit (see Frankie Goes to Hollywood). But we're talking about a tool with which a small group of well-connected women can put the screws on radio programmers, record outlets, and the labels themselves to blackball artists for stupid and nonbeneficial reasons. And that's not silly, it's scary.

We don't need this kind of useless harassment. We get enough of it already. Zappa is leading the fight against it, and urges that you write your Senator and tell him or her that you "vote like a beast." Do it today. Use the form that Zappa devised (see page 10). For up-to-date info and other strategies, call (818) PUM-PKIN.

Censorship isn't going to benefit kids, and it violates our basic freedoms. It may seem stupid, but it needs to be fought. Now. ●

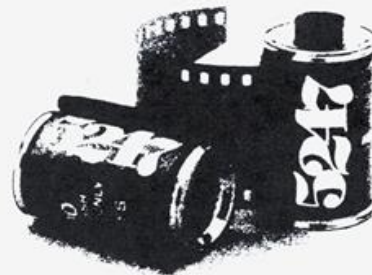
VIDEO VISION

● IS PBS, AMERICA'S COMMERCIAL-free Public Broadcasting System, going commercial? It could happen, if New York's flagship PBS station is any indication. WNET, the PBS affiliate that broadcasts over channel 13 in New York City (the station is actually located in northern New Jersey, but has long been identified as New York's PBS channel) kicked off the new TV season with the surprise announcement that it would sell commercial time between programs. John Jay Iselin, president of WNET, said that 30-second spots would be sold for \$1,500 to corporations and \$1,000 to non-profit organizations. The commercials are WNET's way of coping with public television's long-standing financial problems, especially in light of the Reagan administration's cutbacks in funding for PBS. Still, though no one denies the financial plight that faces WNET, as well as most other public television stations, most viewers are alarmed by what they see as merely the first step in the inevitable—and lamentable—commercialization of this fine PBS affiliate. "One wonders what will be next," wrote *New York Daily News* TV critic Kay Gardella. "Commercial clusters between programs? General support ads?" Let's hope not.

● THE LATEST TREND IN VIDEOCASSETTES is stress-reduction tapes. Relax Video, a New York-based cassette company, has released two new tapes designed to help viewers chill out in front of the tube. One, called *Aquarium TV*, is just that: a 60-minute tape of an aquarium. No close-ups of the fishies, no narration on the mating rituals of goldfish, no fish food commercials; just a straight-on shot of an aquarium, with fish doing their fish thing to the accompaniment of soothing bubbling sounds. *Fireplace TV* is the other Relax video, 60 minutes of crackling wood burning in a fireplace. We're not certain if they'll really relieve all the stresses of our fast-paced modern world, but at least you don't have to clean 'em.

● AVAILABLE NOW AT YOUR LOCAL video store is a tape that's a must for hip VCR owners: *The Best of John Belushi*. The tape includes many of the late, lamented comedian's best-loved bits from *Saturday Night Live*, including his outrageously hilarious Elizabeth Taylor imitation, a Blues Brothers song and many other classics. And the price is nice: only \$29.95. ●

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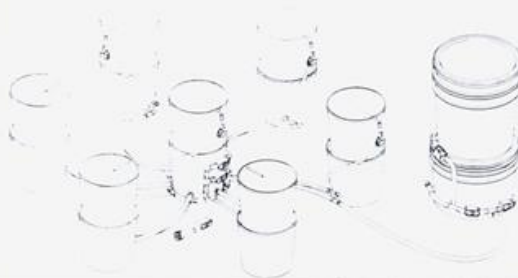
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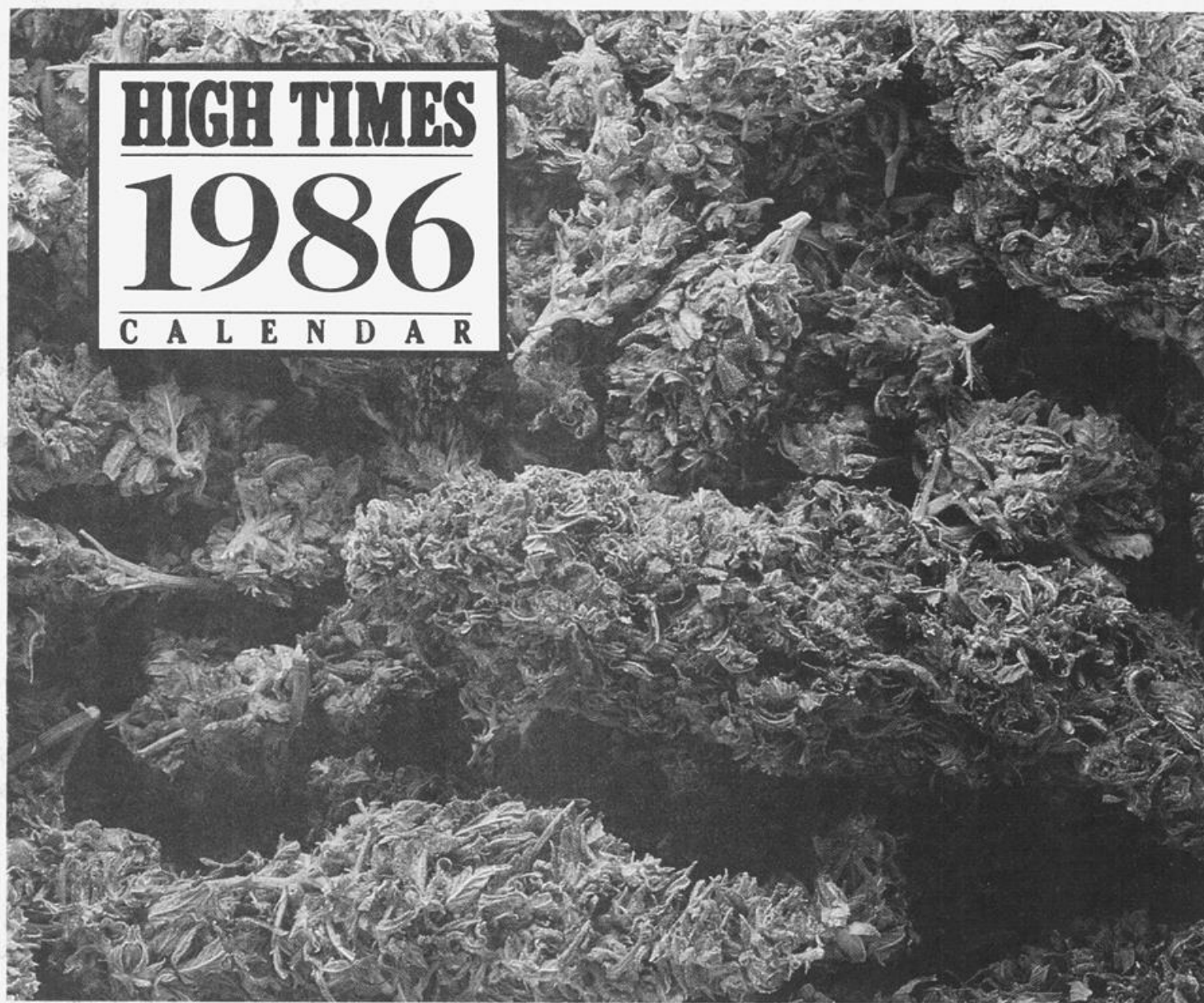
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continued from page 80

are the most predisposed to convict. The prosecutor excludes the three people she feels are the most open-minded and the jury is sworn.

As the trial begins you sit stunned at the reality that this is not a jury of your peers. You are angered at how unrepresentative the panel was of the community. The jury is made up of several housewives, civil service workers, teachers and retired people. You seriously wonder, "How will they relate to what happened to me?"

A sick feeling in your gut stirs the awareness that you are not a registered voter, making you ineligible for jury duty. The memory of your wife's getting out of jury service a couple of years ago because she had a project she wanted to complete churns in your mind as well.

The research shows that, when someone is accused of a crime, over 65 percent of those called to jury will favor the prosecution. This means that the burden of proof is on the accused to prove his innocence, and the jury will expect the accused to testify, though he has a constitutional right not to testify.

You should know that a jury's verdict sends a loud and clear statement. *Do not* consider yourself too busy for jury duty. Be a vocal member of your city or town by registering to vote, and if called upon, sit as a juror. Jurors are the judges of the facts in a trial. Your judgment of issues in a trial is a valuable way to communicate your feelings, and preserve our constitutional guarantee of liberty and justice for all. ●

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3. A judge can excuse prospective jurors if they are "incapable" or "unfit" to serve. What constitutes "incapable" or "unfit" again depends on the jurisdiction. In Texas, a person is not qualified to sit on a jury if: 1) he/she is not a qualified voter; 2) has been convicted of theft or any felony; 3) has a substantial physical handicap; 4) cannot read or write; 5) is related to the accused, victim, or prosecutor; 6) has a prejudice for or against the defendant or 7) substantial economic hardship. Texas Code of Criminal Procedure, Article 35.16.

4. To be eligible for jury duty, every county and state has a different method for accumulating a master jury list. The most common source is the Voter Registration list. Few jurisdictions, although not many, use the Voter Registration list in conjunction with some other source.

5. A peremptory challenge allows a lawyer to strike a person from the jury panel for any reason at all. The number of peremptory challenges depends on the jurisdiction and the nature of the offense. In Texas, a lawyer is entitled to 15 peremptory challenges in a capital case, 10 peremptory challenges in a non-capital felony case, and three peremptory challenges in a misdemeanor case. Texas Code of Criminal Procedure, Article 35.15.

Robert B. Hirschhorn is a nationally-known criminal defense lawyer located in Houston, Texas. Cathy E. Bennett is one of the founders of the field of jury and trial consulting, who worked on the John Delorean trial.

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24	Yellow Cross (22.2 mg.)	5.00	19.95	16.95	14.95	8.95
25	Fastbreath (3-Way)	N/A	55.00	50.00	45.00	40.00
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● NIGHT-TIME IS THE RIGHT TIME for these happy harvesters working under cover of darkness in a Kansas cornfield. A photo like this could make YOU a winner!

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● HIGH TIMES' READER PHOTO CONTEST! (ALL THE DETAILS ON HOW YOU CAN ENTER AND WIN FABULOUS PRIZES JUST BY SENDING US PHOTOS OF YOUR FAVORITE SUBSTANCES!) ● THE BATTLE TO END ABORTION (HOW BIBLE-THUMPING MORAL MAJORITY VIGILANTES ARE TRYING TO ABOLISH WOMEN'S RIGHTS) ● SHEDDING LIGHT ON GROW LIGHTS (EXPERT ADVICE ON INDOOR CULTIVATION) ● DOPE QUOTES OF THE STARS (CELEBS SAY SOME SURPRISING THINGS ABOUT DRUGS) ● PLUS: FAB FOLKIE SUZANNE VEGA; THE RETURN OF THE JETSONS; AND AN EXPANDED ASK ED FEATURING A SLEW OF BODACIOUS BUDS AND GREAT GARDENS ●

MUSIC

continued from page 85

litical content scared off radio programmers and hence record companies.

Aside from the politics, the biggest difference between "Sun City" and the other benefit records (with the exception of the British Reggae Artists Famine Appeal Team's "Let's Make Africa Green Again") is that it cooks. While "We Are the World" boiled its elements down to a non-denominational, inoffensive bowl of Wheatina, "Sun City" keeps its various spices right up front. You can hear the Latin vibrations. You can hear the African sounds, the rap sounds, the funk, the rock, the reggae. On one of the four versions of the song that appear on the 12-inch, you can hear tapes of South African political prisoner Nelson Mandela and Nobel Peace Prize winner Bishop Desmond Tutu speaking. Arthur Baker gives the record a furious street beat throughout. Van Zandt doesn't homogenize, and he doesn't sweeten his message for mainstream radio and a mainstream audience. What he and the other artists have to say is important, and they're damned well going to say it. As

the Northern Lights group (the Canadian contingent on the USA For Africa album) attests, tears are not enough. And neither is charity.

Van Zandt isn't the world's most articulate spokesman, and apartheid isn't a subject that's open to ideological debate. "Sun City" doesn't advance an argument. There can be no argument. As a tool for mass political persuasion, the record is useless. As a money raiser, it is painfully inadequate. But Van Zandt and Baker set out with a specific goal: to persuade their colleagues not to play Sun City, and to bring the moral implications of playing there out into the open. After "Sun City," any artist who performs at that loathesome resort is going to have a powerful and united group of his or her peers to answer to. One that is willing to name names. And an audience that knows what playing there means. This, combined with the record's killer groove, make "Sun City" a very forceful and worthwhile project. If it fails where "We Are the World" and the other benefits have succeeded, it also succeeds where they didn't even dare to try. And it proves that stars can collaborate on a record that's not only political, but also good 'n' funky. ●

BOOKS

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pulously assembled, especially in the sections illustrating Beatles-inspired poster and book design, paintings, and famous spoofs like *The Rutles*.

But, teetering between awed reverence and unknowing self-parody à la *Spinal Tap*, a two-page photo spread is devoted to one of Yoko Ono's art exhibits, including "the piece which brought together Lennon and Ono for the first time." Notably absent from Evans' catalogue is perhaps the most obvious proof that the Beatles were the '60s mass culture's favorite artists and commodities: remember Hollywood's pre-Fab Four "rock" group, the Monkees? With their own top-rated television show, concert tours, movie and merchandising dreck, the Monkees, and those who created them, aped the Beatles in ways too numerous to mention.

Essential reading for Beatles fans, art or media students, pop-culture vultures and, especially, ignorant but shrewd wanna-be superstars, *The Art of the Beatles* is already part of our visual vocabulary. ●

PHOTOTRON

HAWAII VS THE PHOTOTRON

Hello, my name is Jeffery Demarco, President and Founder of PYRAPONIC INDUSTRIES

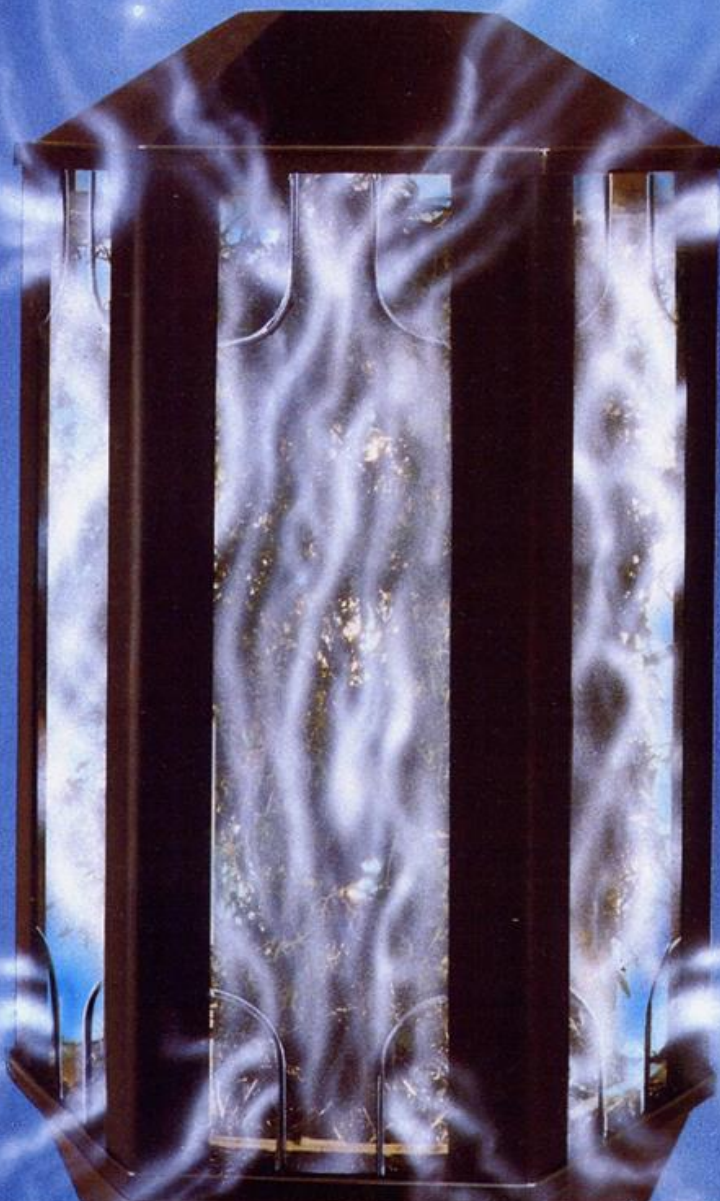
My masters thesis is on the cannabinoid profile of marijuana. I tell you this for historical foot note only.

In pursuit of my own masters thesis, I generated the most extensive popular literature library in the world. Then, I generated the most extensive scientific bibliography in the world. I then went into a laboratory under Federal license at a major university in which I designed a laboratory grade growth chamber called the PHOTOTRON.

If you read all of the popular literature: I did. All of the scientific literature: I did. And look at every apparatus that is in High Times, you will find one common denominator. Every system, UP TILL NOW, has attempted to re-create Hawaii. I suggest that when you finally achieve the re-creation of Hawaii, you can do NO BETTER than Hawaii's results. AND WHAT ARE HAWAII'S RESULTS?

In fact you will grow the plant 6 to 9 months, 6 to 12 feet tall. In fact you will average a 6 inch internodal length. (distance between budding sites). In fact have a 10% budding ratio at the tops of the plant. In fact, throw away 90% of the plant material (leaves/shake). And in fact YOU MUST START ALL OVER AGAIN.

Look. The only thing I'm waiting nine months for is a baby, number one. Number two, I do not want a tree in my house. And number three, I am not going to pay the ELECTRIC BILL TO PRODUCE THE SUN somewhere in my closet. Do not let its pretty looks fool you. Do not let its size (3 1/2 feet tall x 18 inches wide) fool you. Do not let its weight at 17 lbs fool you.



The PHOTOTRON will draw \$4.00 per month in electricity (average). My system is totally different.

In fact you will grow 6 plants, three and one half feet tall in 45 days, guaranteed. You will maintain a one inch internodal length, guaranteed. That each plant will produce 1,000 budding sites, FROM TOP TO BOTTOM, guaranteed. And there will be 6 plants per individual PHOTOTRON, guaranteed.

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I personally, guarantee and service back the PHOTOTRON, so do not let its technical nature throw you. You will require THREE PAGES OF INSTRUCTIONS ONLY. Because the system is TOTALLY COMPLETE. You will do three things: 1. Select your seed. 2. Plug the system in. 3. Water it.

Then, if you have any questions at all. You may call me directly. Ask your question. Get the answer. And carry on about your business. You cannot fail with my PHOTOTRON. I do not allow any of my PHOTOTRONS to fall below SHOW-CASE. I have personally guaranteed every PHOTOTRON that has ever been sold. And I have never had one returned. I am not starting now.

So, call me. Right now. I accept all of my phone calls, personally.

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Jeffery Julian De Marco

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*photograph presented from university conducted research for Masters Thesis entitled "Factors Controlling Resin-Production and Plant Growth," pertains to any plant."

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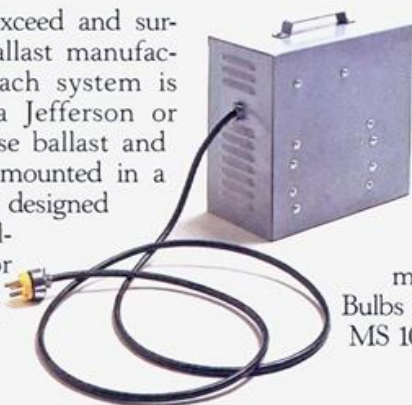
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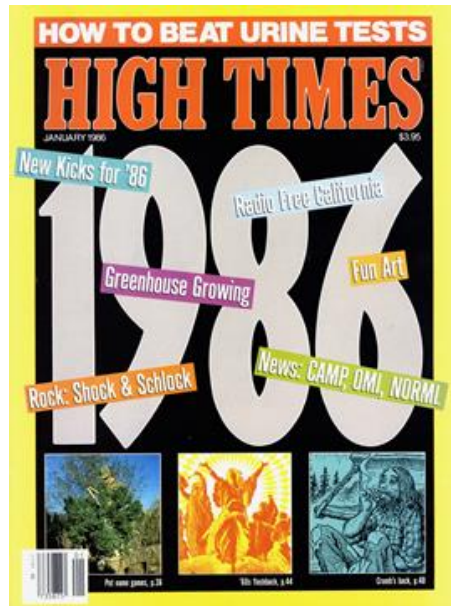
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